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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK
CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

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SOMETIMES political purity can be carried too far, even to the point of conniving at crime and lawlessness. Such a point, it appears, has been reached at the University of Oklahoma, where the following "acts," adopted by the Board of Regents, have been sent to every member of the faculty:

Owing to the controversy that exists throughout the State in connection with the Ku Klux Klan and the anti-Ku Klux Klan and the dependency of the university upon retaining the good will of all factions and parties we believe it unwise for members of the faculty or employees of the University of Oklahoma to place themselves in a position where they will need to take an active part in such controversy.

The Board of Regents condemns active participation in politics, and directs that no teacher or employee of the University of Oklahoma shall engage in such political activity and in so doing shall be subject to dismissal from the service of the institution.

We suppose that if the Black Hand were active in Oklahoma, the faculty would be instructed to remain neutral in word and deed in order to obtain the good will of Oklahoma's more influential murderers.

SO it is not only half-baked, cranky newspapers like *The Nation* which are declaring that the two old parties are dead. Here is Lindley M. Garrison, receiver of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and Secretary of War in Mr. Wilson's first Cabinet, informing the public in Denver that the time has come for two new parties—a liberal or radical, and a conservative—since there is so little difference between the two old parties as to make it difficult to frame varying platforms and since both are dying. Bravo, Mr. Garrison! You did not hesitate to speak your mind when in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet; it is a pleasure now to record your views when you say something that is in the minds of some hundreds of thousands of Americans which they dare not utter publicly lest they be charged with being bolsheviks or I. W. W.'s. What a contrast this is to Mr. Root, solemnly rising at the Republican convention in Albany to prostitute his talents once more by praising Mr. Harding to the skies (and Governor Miller, too, of course), and pretending that there is really something in the economic and political situation in New York State to make it necessary for voters to ballot according to party labels.

ONLY the South could have produced such a man as the late Senator Thomas E. Watson. Gifted with a fiery eloquence and real ability, he waxed powerful by persistent appeals to prejudice and passion. Not content, like many other demagogues, to rise solely by attacks upon the Negro he poured his poison upon Jew and Catholic as well. All his ability could not lift him above a sodden Know-nothingism nor prevent his stooping low to achieve his ends. Yet to his credit he, like his fellow apostle of race hatred in Mississippi, J. K. Vardaman, sensed clearly the error the United States made in departing from its historic policies to wage war in Europe. Perhaps it is because the South is so steeped in the old American tradition that the war was accepted less enthusiastically there than in other sections. Mr. Watson at any rate, had the courage to oppose our un-American conscription in his vitriolic publication. For this a Government that was pretending to war for liberty, justice, and humanity prosecuted him; fortunately, being in the South, he was acquitted, and the feeling in his favor aroused by his prosecution undoubtedly helped him to win his seat in the Senate. There, because of his frankness and frequent truth-telling, he is a distinct loss despite his occasional unreliability and his sensationalism.

HARD upon the overwhelming and regrettable defeat in the New Jersey Republican primaries of George L. Record by Senator Frelinghuysen, New York State has been mercifully spared the disgrace of a campaign for Governor by William R. Hearst, the most pitiful as well as most contemptible figure in American journalism. The voters of the Empire State are now offered the choice of reelecting Governor Miller or ex-Governor "Al" Smith, who enjoys a wide and deserved popularity and is an excellent type of the American who rises from the ranks. It seems

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to us that if the choice must be between them Mr. Smith ought to win, if merely as a measure of gratitude for the smooth, skilful, and thoroughgoing way in which he destroyed the Hearst boom and compelled that editor's hasty withdrawal. That was not merely a service to New York but to the whole country, for if Hearst had won by the aid of his press and his wealth he would have set himself at once to the task of acquiring the Democratic nomination for President. It is not easy to prophesy as to Mr. Hearst's future, for in journalism he has already lost at least nine lives, but this should finish his political prospects. As for Governor Miller, he has put through some reforms, displayed great ability, become the autocrat of his party, and is altogether a fine type of the old-fashioned conservative Republican who ought to have been outgrown a quarter-century ago. The Senatorship will be fought for by Senator Calder and the Health Commissioner of New York City, Dr. Royal S. Copeland. Neither is of the caliber for the position and neither is in the least aware where the world is drifting. Fortunately there will be a third party in the field.

THE third Assembly of the League of Nations, just closed, marked some real progress in its development. Hungary was admitted, and Mexico invited to join. But until the League unconditionally invites Germany and Soviet Russia also it will continue to be a parody upon the great idea which its founding was supposed to consecrate. This year, for the first time, that fact was plainly expressed at Geneva. It is from these assemblies which include representatives of all the member states that development of the League is to be hoped. The Council, control of which is still centered in the hands of the allied victors in the late war, is the danger-point. It sits in secret; it has too much power; and it is in effect but a sweeter name for the unregretted Supreme Council of the Allies. Until the Assembly effectively takes the lead in the League, sharply curtails the powers of the Council, and obtains representation upon the Council for the Central Powers and Russia there is little hope of real forward movement. The lesser Powers which have their say in the Assembly are still too hesitant; Haiti's protest against the murder of Hottentots in South Africa and the protest, in which Americans share, against the British monopoly of phosphates in the mandated island of Nauru, were shelved in an amiable committee report. The disarmament resolution adopted, conditioned upon a mutual security guaranty which looks like a super-Article X, is almost worthless. Nor do we believe that American influence these past three years, with our State Department the most reactionary branch of the government, would have helped the League.

ONE thing this session of the Assembly did do for which we give profound thanks—it took active steps to save Austria. England, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia have each agreed to guarantee 20 per cent of a 650,000,000 gold-kronen loan (Belgium and other smaller nations are to raise the rest) which, it is hoped, may put poor little weather-worn Austria upon her feet. This is the first substantial ray of hope which Austria has seen since the Peace of St. Germain first took form. It comes late, and the United States has had its share in the delay, but if Austria will now make such internal reforms as were suggested in an article in *The Nation* for June 21, 1922, she may yet reestablish herself as a sovereign Power in Europe. Truncated as Austria is, it seems possible that even this substantial loan may be inadequate; the tiny republic, barred from her old markets by the new network of tariff entanglements, needs an economic support in some larger Power. In the natural course of events that would be Germany. Czecho-Slovakia and Italy, each of which has territorial designs upon Austria, are opposed to that, and so is France for political reasons. Hence the provision by which the lending Powers guarantee Austria's "political integrity" contains a suggestion of enforced separation which is disquieting.

OUR always interesting contemporary, the *Subway Sun*, has been refreshing its involuntary readers on the New York subways with the news that the coal strike has cost the Interborough more than $1,000,000. It got a response it may not have been looking for when a delegation of miners from Central Pennsylvania came and told the city Board of Estimate that the Interborough, which operates New York's municipally owned lines, could get better coal and cheaper if its coal contractor would settle the strike by coming in under the Cleveland agreement. The coal contractor is the Berwind-White Company, whose president is a member of the board of directors of the Interborough. The methods his company uses were vividly described by men and women who had been ousted from their homes, compelled to live in tent colonies, and bombed with tear gas. These new publicity tactics were successful to the extent of obtaining for the first time a conference between representatives of the Berwind-White Company and their unionized employees still on strike. If that fails to bring about a settlement the union announces that it will picket the company offices in New York and also the offices of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is a large stockholder in other mines in the same district which still refuse to settle. We commend to Mr. Rockefeller these sentences from an editorial in the New York *Evening Post:*

> Nothing does so much to keep inefficient mines in competition as the fact of non-unionism and resultant low earnings. The complete unionization of the central competitive field would be the greatest single step toward starving out our troublesome surplus of weak mines, eliminating half-time work, and giving the industry stability.

SECRETARY WEEKS, usually an amusing figure, has taken the opportunity of the joint debate between Rudyard Kipling and Clare Sheridan to explain again that it was the wish of the United States Government to carry on in November, 1917, and to dictate the terms of peace in the streets of Berlin. It was the exhaustion of the Allies, it appears again, which made necessary the armistice, not the desire of the United States; we wanted to go on shedding the blood of our sons, says Mr. Weeks, so as to make a thorough job of it and finish the Germans once for all. These sentiments are shared, we observe, by many other unthinking Americans who never got over their disappointment that a good part of the Rhineland was not laid waste by invading armies so that Germany could have a taste of what war meant on her own soil—they forget the terrific destruction in East Prussia by the invading Russians in 1914. The simple fact is that if the war had been carried on much longer all of Europe would have reached a state of exhaustion which would have made its economic condition far more dangerous to the safety of civilization than it is today. Our own American debts would have been still larger,

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the effect upon our industry and business even worse, and the period of recovery much longer. Moreover, a peace dictated in the streets of Berlin would not have delivered the Germans more completely into Allied hands; Mr. Weeks and those of his views forget that no Germans were present or were consulted during the making of the Treaty of Versailles. A trail of blood and destruction from the Rhine to Berlin could not have made the German surrender and helplessness before the Allies one whit more abject.

SOME of the amiable traits upon which Mr. Morley dwells elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* have doubtless injured Spain's chances in a mechanically efficient age. But he treats too benevolently, it seems to us, Spain's outrageous campaign in Morocco. We suspect that something more gross and materialistic than the memory of ancient glory—such as the existence of copper, for example—has induced Spain to wage a war which, since July, 1921, has consumed three billion pesetas and the lives of 12,000 men. Nine thousand men were killed in the disastrous battle of Annual this last summer, and disease is said to be spreading among the Spanish troops. One of the leading Madrid dailies recently appeared with these headlines: "Our enemy has gained strength; doubt is filling the minds of our friends, and an ever-increasing feeling of discouragement is prevailing." Spain is reeking with social revolt in spite of a half-way restoration of constitutional guaranties. Any criticism of the Government's policy is quickly suppressed and journalists are being arrested for opposing the Moroccan campaign. There is little amiability or romance in a policy which drives toward defeat or a subjugated Morocco abroad and revolution or a sullen working-class at home.

AN indefatigable Inquiring Reporter recently put to his victims the following questions: Are too many men going to college these days? The answer was an almost unanimous No, with the added idea that it is impossible to have too much education. One gentleman whose business is with motor vehicles further embroidered his negative by opining that "for the rich man's son who drifts through and devotes his time to sport, it would be better to send him to learn how to work." A more extensive indication of public opinion was afforded recently by the Swiss referendum which defeated, by a vote of 373,000 to 300,000, a law already passed by both chambers of Parliament giving the authorities drastic powers in suppressing "acts against the public security," general strikes of a political character, and "movements considered likely to disrupt public order." Hardworking politicians and diplomats should not bank too heavily on the dumbness and docility of the ordinary citizen. The latter has a disconcerting habit, every now and again, of hitting the nail on the head.

FOR four years or more this great nation has been at the mercy of seditious propaganda penetrating into the heart of the army and navy itself. Only recently has this menace been discovered by officials of the Navy Department, and relentlessly rooted out. Two men were engaged in the plot, Fields and Harrington by name. They are vaudeville actors and they perform a turn entitled the Sailor and the Yeoman. One is dressed in the uniform of our navy, the other is made up as a soldier. When the act opens the sailor is on his hands and knees, scrubbing an imaginary deck; the so-called yeoman addresses him with the apparently innocent query: "What does U. S. stand for?" Here obviously is an opportunity for the navy man to make a stirring patriotic appeal. Instead he replies: "Unlimited scrubbing." What more is in this vicious piece of pacifist propaganda we cannot say, for we never saw the act and it has now been taken off by order of local enlistment officers in several towns. The criminal comedians are now making impertinent inquiries about their "rights"—it seems they have lost a paltry thousand dollars or so from the cancellations of the turn—and are questioning the authority of the enlistment officers who entered the theater and commanded sedition to cease. But the officers have a letter from the Navy Department threatening jail sentences and fines to all persons guilty of obstructing enlistments. So, after all, the country may for the present be considered saved.

THAT nuisance named John S. Sumner continues to abate. Magistrate Simpson dismissed the case which Mr. Sumner managed to have brought against Thomas Seltzer for publishing "A Young Girl's Diary," "Casanova's Home-Coming," and "Women in Love." Magistrate Oberwager continues the good work by dismissing the case brought against Boni and Liveright for their new translation of Petronius. We do not believe that Mr. Sumner was as much impressed as he should have been by the learned and judicious remarks of Magistrate Oberwager, for they have a classic sound about them that of course he could not understand. But there is a language which reaches even to the Cimmerian depths of the Sumnerian understanding. A beginning in that language has been made by the award of $2,500 damages to the McDevitt-Wilsons on account of the charges against them in connection with the sale of "Mademoiselle de Maupin"; now two or three other suits, for still larger sums, are threatened, and Mr. Sumner may learn that libelous accusations are dangerous things to make, even behind the shelter of a meddling Society for the Suppression of Vice and a foolish statute.

THE death of William Austin Smith, editor of the *Churchman*, is a serious loss to the liberal press of the country, and especially to the religious. A man of high attainments, of unusual personal charm, thoroughly familiar with the workings of the church, he brought to his task clear vision, frank utterance, and unquestioned courage. Unlike many others who write for religious publications he had an open mind, a desire to oppose church shams and to forward reform from within. Most interesting to us was, however, his post-bellum development on the subject of war. Never a pacifist, he swallowed most of the hypocrisies of the struggle in the sincere belief that the war would end war and that democracy and liberty would be forwarded by it. Later came a quick recognition that the war achieved none of the things which the idealists who espoused it hoped it would. After that Mr. Smith wrote with increasing fervor and earnestness against the "sum of all villainies." We referred only the other day to his remarkable utterance on War and the Churches, in which he demanded that from now on the churches outlaw war, boycott it, and declare it a sin. No utterance as strong and wise has come from any religious sanctum, we had almost said from any pulpit. It will long remain a heritage of which his friends and family may be proud.

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Gambling with the British Empire

THAT is what Lloyd George has been doing these last three weeks—gambling with the fate of the British Empire as a stake. One would think that it had been done often enough since 1914 and that no statesman could persuade himself today that anything but the direst mischance could excuse his maneuvering his country to the brink of war. But the Prime Minister did bring hostilities in sight overnight by alleging as an excuse for war Turkish demands which he, his country, and its Allies had repeatedly admitted to be just and reasonable. Within a week Mr. Lloyd George found himself unsupported by those Allies, and he conceded to the Turks all they asked save for the question of the internationalization of the Dardanelles. Even this Kemal was willing to discuss, but as we write the troops of the two nations are still facing one another at such close quarters that a single hot-headed battalion commander on either side might plunge England into fresh hostilities which would rock the world. One has to go back to President Cleveland's Venezuelan message with its utterly unexpected and lightning-like attack upon Great Britain over an insignificant cause to parallel the inexcusable and indefensible course Mr. Lloyd George and his Cabinet have pursued, with their sensational appeal to the dominions for immediate military aid, as if war had already been declared.

The mystery of this policy is all the deeper when one recalls that Lloyd George is the self-same man who but two months ago solemnly declared before a great religious body that "if the churches of England and America allow that [the next war] to fructify they had better close their doors." Yet he has not hesitated to all but bring on bloodshed anew and has done so in a way to appeal most insidiously to international passion, prejudice, and jingoism—and the church in England and America has applauded! Obviously he and his associates have not only learned nothing from the horrors of the greatest of wars; they have shown anew that their remaining in office makes them a menace to peace everywhere. Had the French, to their lasting credit, not put on the brakes Europe must have been fighting ere now against a people who are demanding nothing unreasonable whatsoever. When one realizes that the whole Eastern world is watching with profound concern every step in this amazing game and when one understands how easily an attack upon the Turks might cause to blaze up that religious war between the Christian world and Islam which has been prophesied so long, it is impossible not to ask the question whether Lloyd George did not suddenly go mad. With Afghanistan, India, and Egypt seething with anti-British feeling, with Mesopotamia held down by airplanes and tanks, with the French position in Syria tottering and the Russians bound to aid the Turks with their great army, was there ever a less favorable time for Great Britain to go to war over the control of the Dardanelles? It is difficult indeed for anyone at this distance to understand the type of mind which will stake the safety of an entire empire upon a question which is in no degree vital to that empire. "We want peace," the New Zealand Premier, Mr. Massey, declared in response to Lloyd George's hysterical appeal, "but the Straits must be kept open." Was there ever a more amazing lack of perspective?

Fortunately there have been those who refused to be stampeded by the inevitable charges of atrocities. If the New Zealanders and the Australians were ready to plunge without discussion or consideration into fresh hostilities the other dominions have kept their heads. In Canada the Premier, Mr. Mackenzie King, properly replied that the information received from Lloyd George was too slight "to warrant us in making a pronouncement." Since then both the Prime Minister and the leader of the Progressive Party, Mr. T. A. Crerar, have made it clear that they have no intention of permitting Canada to be drawn into another European struggle in which she has no direct concern. True, Mr. Meighen, the leader of the Canadian Tories, announced that he would have imitated the precipitate Mr. Massey had he been at the head of the Government, but this has merely raised anew the issue between Liberalism and Toryism, between the democratic way of dealing with such an issue and the autocratic. In South Africa too, the press has insisted that the Government should think first and act afterward.

In England Mr. Lloyd George has met with gratifying and most unusual opposition even from the Tories. When the *Morning Post*, the *Spectator*, and the Northcliffe press join hands with Liberal and Labor organs in opposing the mad rush to destruction it is plain that not all the lessons of the war have been lost. Nothing could be more to the point than this manifesto, signed by Arthur Henderson, J. Ramsay MacDonald, J. H. Thomas, Harry Gosling, and Tom Shaw:

> We must say with determination that we won't be dragged into another bloody struggle. It would be an unpardonable crime against humanity if new hostilities commenced, and the British Government would bear by far the greater share of the responsibility. We declare that settlement of the Near East question and the freedom of the Straits is not alone for the Allies to arrange. Particularly do we condemn the action of any one nation setting itself up as guardian of the Straits. We demand that conciliation shall take the place of force, and that the right of a people to live under the government of its own choice shall be the principle underlying any settlement.

Spoken like free men! And equally praiseworthy is the decision of the National Council of the British Labor Party, in protesting against "the obstinate and persistent mishandling of the Near Eastern Problem by the British Government", to do "all in its power to prevent another war." Any other course would render these labor leaders utterly recreant to their own ideals and protestations. We are aware that their course is not without its difficulties. Some of the very leaders we have quoted are pillars of British Methodism. Yet any other stand than bitterest opposition would set back the cause of labor the world over. If it was right and just for British labor to refuse to send munitions to Russia in 1920, no railroad wheel should turn and no steamer move to take munitions to Constantinople. This is the hour to strike. Pacifism, common sense, justice, self preservation are here all one. Certainly nothing that has happened since 1914 has so clearly demonstrated the need of democratic control of foreign affairs. That such momentous issues should be in the uncontrolled hands of a Lloyd George—for the present Parliament, even when in session, abdicated its limited functions as a controller of foreign policy—is something that no democracy should tolerate a single instant.

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Stones for Bread

THE more one reads of the proceedings of the Episcopal General Convention—or of any similar ecclesiastical body—the more one thinks of the relative intelligence of our much-abused Federal Congress. There were delegates and onlookers at the Episcopal triennial convention who will resent this disparagement of a solemn and colorful assembly which brought to them moments of emotional exaltation. They will probably point to this or that bit of wise legislation on church affairs, and in particular to the revision of the prayer-book, which included the omission of the word "obey" from the woman's vows in the marriage service. But none of these things by any stretch of the imagination compensates for the convention's sins of omission and commission. It adopted without discussion the ludicrous report on religion and the family life on which we commented in our issue of September 6. The bishops' pastoral letter rose to a higher level, but its idealism remained on the plane of a cautious and generally accepted moralization on the duty of service.

The acts for which the convention is most likely to be weighed and found wanting are two: the new canon on divorce, and Bishop Manning's resolution on the Turkish crisis. It is now "unlawful" for members of the Episcopal church to marry if either of the parties to the marriage has been divorced for any cause but infidelity. Let us admit that this stringent legislation required a certain courage, that it was not adopted in these times to curry favor with the rich and powerful. Let us admit also that it lies within the legitimate province of a church to fix its own standards. Dr. Grant's much-discussed criticism of his church's stand took dangerous ground when he argued that the clergyman had no choice but to marry those whom the State might license. What is to be feared is not the church's own standards, but that it will try by legislation to force them on the public; in other words, that Episcopalians will try to make the law of their church the law of all our States, with what far from Christian results the scandal and collusion and degradation of New York State divorce cases—where the Episcopal standard is in force—only too abundantly proves.

Short of that result the Episcopal canon may well seem a step backward rather than forward to those most persuaded that the ideal relationship between the sexes and the ideal basis for the home is the comradeship and more than comradeship of one man and one woman. If the church really wished to serve that ideal it would be less concerned with coercive legislation, which makes an unhappy marriage an irretrievable disaster, and more concerned with those economic, social, and psychological forces which are compelling us to do some hard thinking about the relations of the sexes and the basis of happy and honorable marriage. Do not manifold sins of selfishness and cruelty and sheer inability to make mutual adjustments sometimes destroy the spiritual unity of marriage and make its continuance one long agony, at least as effectively as the one overt physical act which the church will recognize? One suspects that the canon of the church is based less on the thoughtful moral judgment of the men who enacted it than on a literalism which by some psychological quirk holds them true to one dubious saying of Jesus when long ago they rejected His plain teaching against violence and unbrotherliness.

At any rate, it is ironical to find the bishops, who are such literalists with regard to divorce, cheerfully voting a resolution which has no meaning unless it means a willingness to go to war with Turkey if and when our political leaders think it expedient. Bishop Manning's resolution calls on the churches "especially to create a public conscience which shall support our President and Secretary of State in any effort, diplomatic, *naval, or military*, that they may make toward the establishment of justice, mercy, and peace in these stricken lands" [italics ours]. That is an absolutely indefensible request to Christians to abdicate their moral judgment to public officials. It does worse by its reference to "military efforts" that make for peace—and that with the ghastly failure of one war to end war before our eyes! American Christians have done a great service in the old Turkish Empire. Their achievements might have been greater if some of them, and most of their coreligionists in the western nations, had had more faith in moral forces and less in battleships. Christianity will be sorely handicapped in dealing with the Moslem world so long as professors of the ethics of the New Testament in their every act declare a more than Mohammedan readiness to defend or spread their faith and their dominion by the sword.

America's Greatest Problem

ONCE in every few years something happens to remind Americans that one-tenth of the population of this country belongs to a subject race. A mere lynching does not do it—Georgia quietly lynched her ninth black victim in two months the other day. The Chicago race riot of July, 1919, in which twenty-three Negroes and fifteen whites were killed, like the Washington riot of the same year, coming as one in a series of terrific race clashes, did suddenly focus public attention upon America's greatest problem. Perhaps it was because in these riots the Negroes fought back, actually had the presumption to defend themselves; perhaps it was because the death lists included almost as many white names as Negro; perhaps it was because we really were appalled by a sudden flashing consciousness that such things might happen at almost any place and almost any time even in our Northern cities.

The Governor of Illinois, while the horror of the race war was still vivid, appointed the Chicago Commission on Race Relations, consisting of six Negroes and six white men, with a former president of the Illinois State Bar Association as chairman, and that committee, after long and careful study, has just issued a report which marks an era in the study of the race question in America. The report forms a 650-page book; it shows an absence of the prevalent superstitions which is a most wholesome omen. One of its most important recommendations begins thus:

> We are convinced in our inquiry: (a) that measures involving or approaching deportation or segregation are illegal, impracticable, and cannot solve but would accentuate the race problem and postpone its just and orderly solution by the process of adjustment; (b) that the moral responsibility for race rioting does not rest upon hoodlums alone but also upon all citizens, white or black, who sanction force or violence in interracial relations or who do not condemn and combat the spirit of racial hatred thus expressed. . . .

Among the greatest causes of race friction it found myths:

> In the category of myths fall the popular belief of whites concerning the mentality of Negroes, and the more definite myth

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that the mind of the Negro child ceases to develop when he reaches the age of puberty. The sex myth is always in evidence. It involves the fear obsession of Negro men held by many white women, fear of miscegenation, the condonation of lynchings, repressive social restrictions, as well as attempts at legislative restraints. Negroes are by these myths shown to have a predilection for sex crimes. This sex myth has been stressed in almost every riot. It precipitated the Washington riot; it provoked the most brutal murder of the Chicago riot, and it was responsible for the brutality of the Omaha and Tulsa riots.

Where such myths and misunderstandings lie deep embedded there can be no snap solution capable of application overnight. So long as a race which forms a great fraction of our population is systematically kept down, undereducated, discriminated against every time a member of it so much as asks for a job, we shall have the danger of such riots; and so long as we permit race superstitions to guide our conduct toward our Negroes we shall contribute to that danger. The suggestions of the Chicago Commission for better police control, more parks, and better schools in Negro sections, for more tactful officials where the two races meet, for better treatment by employers, for a more generous attitude on the part of labor unions, and a more careful handling of race news by the daily papers, are all good—but summed up they amount to an undramatic appeal for more generous common-sense, and there is small indication of any sudden turn in that direction.

Just such a report as that of this Commission is, however, inspiriting. If it is followed, as Governor Lowden warmly urges, by the creation of a permanent local body representing both races, charged with investigating situations likely to produce clashes, with collecting and disseminating sound information and promoting race harmony, that will be a real forward step. Much might have been prevented in Chicago had, for instance, such a study of the real estate problem as is here presented been made before instead of after the riots and bombings. On the basis of careful statistical data it is shown that Negroes do not so much depress property values upon their arrival as flock inevitably into areas where property values have already depreciated. There is a mine of information in this document; it is to be hoped that the Commission will find means of effectively getting it into the public mind of Chicago.

This report, with its radical attack upon race myths, will not be accepted in the South. Yet there too there are signs of an awakening to the problem. A Liberty County, Georgia, grand jury has just indicted five white members of the Ku Klux Klan for participation in a lynching, and Governor Hardwick has announced that he will send the entire State militia if necessary to see that the indicted men are tried. In the current issue of *McClure's Magazine* a Southern woman, Mrs. George Madden Martin, describes the creation of inter-race commissions in two-thirds of the counties of the South. These are by no means commissions on which the two races have equal representation, but Mrs. Martin tells stories of real achievements already to their credit. That way lies progress. It will be long before such commissions can affect appreciably the nation's black toll of lynchings or change our attitude toward our minority race, but the road of inter-racial tolerance and recognition is the only road out. For decades to come the Negro problem must be America's greatest problem, "God's shadow," as Henry Watterson put it, "upon the dial of American progress," but we can move toward solving it only by facing it.

Youth on the Bridge

INTO New York harbor last week came a big American steamer with a twenty-five-year-old captain on her bridge, the youngest ocean-going skipper, so the press said, under the Stars and Stripes. Youth at the helm again and another tradition of the sea upheld! Who shall say now that there is no chance on the ocean for the American boy who seeks a rapid rise? Nor is this youthful skipper a mere exception. There are boyish watch officers on some of our liners now who as captains in 1917-1919 took their ships through the submarine zones as well as if there were gray hairs under their caps.

So it has always been. From the time men began to go to sea youth has stood on the quarter-deck as well as old age. No one questioned a lad's years if he fought his way aft by the prowess of his fist or the readiness of his marlinspike. The cabin boy could become captain overnight—sometimes by braining his chief and taking his ship, sometimes by the mere luck of the seas, or a fortunate touch of scurvy, or by the aid of an enemy's well-directed round shot. There was Sir Francis Drake, the Devonshire farmer's lad, who at twenty-two was commanding a ship on the Spanish Main, learning under Hawkins what defeat meant, and then living to cruise and fight and conquer for nearly thirty years more. Post-captains at twenty-one there were galore, yes, outside of Marryat's novels as well as in. His captains courageous always gained every fight and so won promotion to the swiftest of schooners or the staunchest of brigs, then to hoist their pennants on the newest of captured French frigates just when their majority was behind them. Usually it was some kindly admiral or titled patron who helped youthful virtue to its reward. Sometimes doubloons helped along, or the favor of a Pepys, or some politician's grant. But the stout oaken walls of England obeyed often enough the commands of some royal-hearted boy who knew neither fear nor favor. Nelson himself flew his first flag by merit at twenty-one. He went to sea at twelve. So did many another midshipman who was a veteran by twenty-one. Who has forgotten Clark Russell's picture of a British cutter towing two prizes to the English coast, like a fly walking off with two huge spiders, the commanding officer a tiny midshipman who had to climb the rail to be seen, as if but just out of the nursery, yet by the luck of the fight the sole surviving and, therefore, senior officer of his craft?

But it is not only on fighting ships that youth has been served at sea. The whole story of our American merchant fleet from its earliest days is the tale of youngsters in command. There was Samuel Samuels, one of the greatest of our clipper captains, in charge at twenty-one, while George Crowninshield of Salem was a captain at nineteen. Captain Samuels sailed the seas for decades, surviving his entire generation that put American ships without subsidies into every port in the world in the eighteen-fifties. There were some of these stout hearts who thought that adventure and opportunity both died when the steamer appeared. But the sea is just as much as ever to the brave and the young and the gifted. True, not every engine-room has its William McFee nor every bridge its twenty-five-year-old captain. But the romance *is* there, yes, even in our new fleet that was built by the mile to be sold by the yard. As long as the winds blow and the seas rise and there are reefs and capes and lights and stars the call of the bridge will be to youth.

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They All Lied

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Allied and Associated Powers affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.—*Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles.*

For the Allies German responsibility for the war is fundamental. It is the basis upon which the structure of the treaty has been erected, and if that acknowledgment is repudiated or abandoned the treaty is destroyed.—*Mr. Lloyd George to Dr. Simons at London, March 4, 1921.*

In fact if it was not the Central Powers that brought on the war why should they be condemned to pay for it? If there is divided responsibility then in justice there should be a division of the costs.—*Raymond Poincaré in the* Temps (*Paris*), *December, 1920.*

The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries of what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled.—*Mr. Lloyd George, before the Empire Parliamentary Association in London, December 23, 1920.*

We accuse him [M. Poincaré] of having let pass, from 1912 on, the chances of peace which the world still had. . . . We accuse him of having launched France upon a war, provoked by the Russian mobilization, which only indirectly concerned the destinies of France. . . . Between a peaceful future and us rises the Peace of Versailles, a stillborn peace based upon the recognition of unilateral responsibility. . . . A new era of peace may come. But the first condition is that you, M. Poincaré, who bear a portion of the responsibility for the war, you who doubtless acted according to your conscience but from whom the conscience of the world will demand its accounts, that you return to the shadow from which you should never have emerged.—*Paul Vaillant-Couturier, deputy from Paris, in the French Chamber of Deputies, July 6, 1922.*

THE story of a Germany that willed and wanted and planned the war, and sprang it upon an unsuspecting world, is a grim legend. Lloyd George was right when in a careless moment he said that no one at the head of affairs wanted war; they all just stumbled and staggered into it. They did not care enough about peace to make the sacrifices which the maintenance of peace involved. They did not sufficiently foresee the consequences of their own acts. In that last terrible week of July, 1914, Sir Edward Grey, and, at the last, even Kaiser Wilhelm and probably Sazonov struggled desperately to find an escape from the fate which they saw relentlessly moving upon Europe. It was too late; they were caught in the skein which they themselves had tangled.

It seems an old, dull question, this problem of responsibility for the war, and most of us thought it settled once for all long ago. But since those war days when we puzzled over the rainbow books issued by the various governments new documents have become accessible, and a better judgment is possible. We know now what we suspected then, that the white and red and yellow books were truncated selections from a mass of more compromising documents, and that in some cases even the texts of the documents were tampered with. There have been three great revolutions since those days, and each has opened archives hitherto kept rigidly secret. After the German revolution Kautsky plowed through the German archives, and made public, with a kind of bitter honesty which disturbed even his republican colleagues, the important documents, including the Kaiser's almost feeble-minded marginal comments on the dispatches of July, 1914. We have heard much of these. Then Richard Gooss published four volumes of Austrian documents. We have heard less of those. And finally the Soviet Government is publishing the contents of the Russian archives. Of these we know still less. The British and the French archives are still kept secret. We shall not know the whole story until honest, or angry, or at least cynical Englishmen and Frenchmen have the opportunity to rummage through the files of their foreign offices and make public to the world every disgraceful state paper upon which they can lay their hands.

For the story told in all the archives is disgraceful. The reader of the Kautsky or the Gooss documents turns from them with disgust to think that such cold-blooded hypocrites as the German and Austrian "statesmen" ever held responsible office. But if he turns to the Russian documents published by De Siebert, former secretary of the Russian Embassy at London,[1] and by René Marchand,[2] the Frenchman who has edited the Franco-Russian diplomatic correspondence, he loses any nationalist passion he may have felt in condemning the Teutonic statesmen in a general contempt for the international race of diplomats.

Who Dropped the Match?

Professor Sidney B. Fay[3] of Smith College has done a signal service in analyzing the Kautsky and Gooss documents, and the evidence revealed at the Sukhomlinov trial. He demolishes the legend of the Potsdam Conference of July 5. But his account, which may be supplemented by Heinrich Kanner's bitter arraignment of Austrian diplomacy,[4] does not absolve the Central Powers. It is plain that the real sequence of events is this: The two Balkan wars had aggrandized Serbia, and resulted in diplomatic defeats for Austria. The Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, who had failed to discover Russia's patronage of the new Balkan alliance, had been surprised by the First Balkan War, and then had made the mistake of backing Bulgaria in the second. Serbia, of course, was a kind of Mexico looking upon Bosnia as a California irredenta. Berchtold immediately blamed Serbia for the assassination of the heir to the throne at Serajevo, and determined to have his revenge. He probably felt a moral certainty of Serbia's responsibility, but could not prove it. He induced Franz Josef to write a personal letter which the Austrian Ambassador delivered to Kaiser Wilhelm at lunch at Potsdam on July 5. That—and a brief conference in the afternoon with Falkenhayn, Prussian Minister of War, leading to no military preparations—is all there is to the Morgenthau legend of a conference in which "Tirpitz, Moltke, the great bankers, railroad directors," etc., took part. At that luncheon the Kaiser told the Ambassador, Count Szögyeny, that Germany would stand by Austria in a move against Serbia. As Professor Fay sums it up:

[1] Entente Diplomacy and the World—Matrix of the History of Europe, 1909-1914. Translated from the original texts by B. de Siebert and edited, arranged, and annotated by George Abel Schreiner. New York: The Knickerbocker Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons): 1922. $12.50.

[2] Un Livre Noir: Diplomatie d'avant-guerre d'après les documents des archives Russes. Tome I: 1910-1912. Trois Rapports de Nekloudof; La Correspondance d'Isvolsky. Paris: Librairie du Travail: 1922. 10 francs.

[3] *New Light on the Origins of the War.* By *Sidney B. Fay.* American Historical Review. 1920-21.

[4] Kaiserliche Katastrophenpolitik. By Heinrich Kanner. Leipzig: E. P. Tal & Co. 1922. Marks 40.

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Thus the Kaiser and Bethmann chose their policy. They gave Austria a free hand and made the mistake of putting the situation outside of their control into the hands of a man as reckless and as unscrupulous as Berchtold. They committed themselves to a leap in the dark. They soon found themselves involved in actions which they did not approve and by decisions which were taken against their advice. . . . Bethmann and the Kaiser on July 5 were not criminals plotting the World War; they were simpletons putting "a noose about their necks" (as the Kaiser frantically wrote on July 30). . . . The Kaiser himself was deeply shocked emotionally at the murder of the Archduke, with whom he had been visiting at Konopischt only a few weeks before. In his annotations he never ceases to exclaim against the Serbians as "murderers." . . . He wanted retribution to come as quickly as possible while Europe was still under the vivid impression of the assassination and sympathized with Austria. He expected military action by Austria against Serbia, but on July 5 he did not think it probable that the Austro-Serbian dispute would lead to a European war; he could safely start next morning as had long been planned, and as Bethmann advised, on his northern cruise.

Berchtold's part is more devious. Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, was opposed to Berchtold's aggressive Serbian policy, largely because he feared that the inclusion of more Serbs in the Empire would weaken Magyar domination. When Berchtold's special agent at Serajevo, Wiesner, reported on July 13 that there was no proof and even no ground for suspicion that the Serbian Government—as distinguished from individual Serbs—had anything to do with the Serajevo crime Berchtold suppressed the report. Neither Tisza, Franz Josef, nor the German Government was informed of Wiesner's report, and Berchtold had his way upon the assumption that his charges were true. Tisza's opposition in the Austrian Cabinet, where he stood alone, was overcome. Berchtold prepared his forty-eight-hour ultimatum to Serbia. Despite his promises and Germany's urgent requests he did not communicate it to the German Government in time for modification. Berlin did not receive it until the evening of July 22, when it was already in the hands of the Austrian Minister to Serbia, for presentation the next day. Jagow, the German Foreign Minister, protested that it was "too sharp," but Germany had recklessly given Austria a free hand on July 5 and did not have an opportunity for more vigorous protest. After presentation of the ultimatum on July 23 the hands of fate moved like clockwork. Serbia made an extremely moderate reply, which was immediately rejected. Berchtold tried even to conceal from his ally the text of the Serbian answer; Berlin did not see it until the Serbian Ambassador brought it to the Foreign Office days later. The Kaiser commented: "A great moral victory for Vienna; but with it every ground for war disappears, and Giesl (the Austrian Minister to Serbia) ought to have remained quiet in Belgrade. In such circumstances *I* should never have ordered mobilization." But Austria declared war on July 28; Berchtold was determined to have his *Rachezug*. For the next three days, according to Professor Fay, "Germany made a real, though belated, effort to induce Austria to accept a peaceful solution." The Kaiser and his ministers earnestly endeavored to restrain Austria. Bethmann wired Vienna on July 28: "The refusal of every exchange of views with Petrograd would be a serious mistake. . . . We are ready, to be sure, to fulfil our obligations as an ally, but must refuse to allow ourselves to be drawn by Vienna into world conflagration frivolously and in disregard of our advice. Please say this at once to Count Berchtold with all emphasis and with great seriousness." The next evening he wired again: "I regard the attitude of the Austrian Government and its unparalleled procedure toward the various governments with increasing astonishment. . . . I must conclude . . . that the Austrian Government is harboring plans which it sees fit to conceal from us in order to assure herself in all events of German support and to avoid the refusal which might result from a frank statement." But Berchtold was immovable; he delayed whole days—when minutes were critical—to reply; although his resplendent army chief, Conrad von Hötzendorff, who had so long prayed for war, now declared that he could not be ready to attack Serbia for sixteen days (Kanner), the Austrians fired a few guns at Belgrade from across the river, so that war with Serbia might obviously be a *fait accompli*, beyond the prevention of the Powers. Berchtold apparently believed that he could have his war with Serbia undisturbed by the other Powers. Sir Edward Grey indefatigably proposed plan after plan for mediation; Germany, in those three days, supported them; Russia took a desultory interest in some of them; France stood by, committed to her alliance with Russia which Poincaré and Viviani had just still further cemented at St. Petersburg.

The only escape from a European conflagration was in a localization of the conflict. If the affair could be confined to Austria and Serbia there was still hope. Germany endeavored to induce Austria to limit her field of action; England sought to restrain Russia from general mobilization, which, she knew, would inevitably bring Germany as Austria's ally, then France as Russia's ally, and finally England herself, into the conflict. But Sazonov was determined not to let Austria have an easy triumph over Serbia. He would not let the war be localized; a humiliation of Serbia meant a humiliation of Russia as well. And while Sazonov was still trying to bring the Austro-Serbian conflict into the diplomatic jurisdiction of the concert of Powers the Russian military forces were outriding him. On July 26 Sukhomlinov, Russian Minister of War, and Janushkevich, chief of the general staff, began secret mobilization measures directed against Germany as well as against Austria. (That night, none the less, Sukhomlinov gave the German military attache his word of honor that no sort of mobilization order had been issued.) After the Austrian declaration of war upon Serbia, Sazonov agreed that the time had come to announce the partial mobilization against Austria which had been decided upon by the crown council on July 25. It was at this point that the Czar and the Kaiser began their famous Willy-Nicky correspondence. They might have saved peace had not their own military leaders "double-crossed" them. Janushkevich on his own authority issued secret orders for general mobilization, to begin at midnight July 29. Sazonov apparently knew this, but he gave no hint of it even to the French and British ambassadors. That same night the Czar, disturbed by the Kaiser's second appeal, telephoned to Sukhomlinov and Janushkevich to countermand even the order for partial mobilization. According to the testimony at the Sukhomlinov trial, as reported by Professor Fay, the Czar ordered them to suspend mobilization. They demurred; he insisted. "I knew," Sukhomlinov testified later, "that the responsibility rested on me and I gave orders that mobilization should not be suspended. . . . On the next morning I lied to his majesty, explaining that mobilization was proceeding only in the districts of the

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southwest. On this day I nearly lost my reason. I knew that mobilization was in full swing and that it was impossible to stop it. Fortunately, on the same day the Czar was convinced afresh and I was thanked for the good execution of mobilization. . . ." It was thus that Russia had her troops prepared for the rapid invasion of East Prussia in August which surprised Germany and the world.

Russia's order for general mobilization was printed in the newspapers and posted on the streets in the morning of July 30. That was the first the German diplomats in St. Petersburg knew of it. The news reached Berlin at 11:40 a. m. Berlin had suspected preliminary measures; returning travelers had reported feverish military activity in the western provinces. Germany's main advantage lay in her ability to move more rapidly; if she sacrificed that, she sacrificed all. News of the general mobilization order gave her militarists the upper hand. The "state of threatened war" was proclaimed forthwith; the ultimata to Russia and France followed. Russia refused to suspend mobilization; France, of course, would stand by her ally. It was war, and European war. The diplomats maintained a feeble pretense of hope until August 4, but those who lived through those days in Europe know that the mobilizations of August 1 were the end. England had warned Germany on July 29 that she could not keep out of a general conflict.

Now where does all this testimony leave us? Certainly it leaves the main burden of responsibility for the final outbreak of the war upon the Central Powers. Austria was determined upon her war with Serbia, and Germany too lightly had given her carte blanche. But certainly also a fearful responsibility rests upon the Russian ministers who disobeyed their sovereign's orders and checkmated the last moves for peace. Even with Berchtold's stubborn foolhardiness, there was still hope. Russia's military men killed it. And so we come through demolition of the legends of wicked plotters in Germany to a conclusion of divided responsibility, mixed with a sense of the criminal casualness with which diplomats and generals on both sides played their parts in that terrible week.

Most of this summary is taken from Professor Fay's résumé of the Kautsky, Gooss, and Sukhomlinov documents. His caution in statement, his thorough documentation, his grasp of his subject, give confidence in his conclusions, and make us look forward eagerly to the larger book which he promises for this autumn. Heinrich Kanner, long editor of the Vienna *Zeit*, is even bitterer toward the Austrians. Cassandra-like, he denounced the errors of Austrian diplomacy for twenty years before they led to the final cataclysm. Finally, in the midst of war, he sold his paper rather than lie at the behest of the High Command. Now he has the satisfaction of pointing out how extraordinarily right he was. His analysis of Austrian diplomacy[5] is pointed by his personal knowledge of the men who led it; the vain and ignorant Conrad, the dandy Berchtold, the lazy Goluchowski. Perhaps in his honorable zeal he sometimes leans a little backward; in a later pamphlet[6] he seems to admit more divided responsibility than in his larger book. Such men, indignant at the lies in their own countries and embittered by them, are rising in every country. Alfred Pevet in France follows Kanner in Austria. As a soldier in the trenches he began to suspect the great deceit; since the war he has pored over every available document, and takes a malicious pleasure in proving Viviani or Poincaré a liar. But here again one feels an honorable indignation that precludes judicial impartiality. Gouttenoire de Toury two years ago brought out a little book sensationally entitled "Poincaré: Did he Want War?"[7] By circumstantial evidence he sought to prove that Poincaré had conspired with Izvolski, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, to have Georges Louis, the cautious and moderate French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, replaced by the aggressive alliance-builder Delcassé. Poincaré denied his allegations in the *Matin;* but since then Izvolski's written record has appeared to brand Poincaré twice over as liar, first in 1912 and again in 1921. [See Document VIII in this week's International Relations Section.]

Who Piled the Powder?

This carries us back into the diplomacy of the years before the war. Munro Smith, in dismissing Albert Jay Nock's "Myth of a Guilty Nation"[8] in the New York *Times*, says that "By the common consent of civilized nations the final responsibility for war attaches to that state which, while negotiations for peace are still in progress, employs armed force against its adversary or declares war." Mr. Smith seems ready to rule out all testimony prior to the July days. Yet such limitation is scarcely logical. If it be said that Europe was a powder magazine and that responsibility for the war falls upon the nation that dropped the match it is yet fair to retort that responsibility rests also upon the men who piled the powder-kegs. And in fact it seems as if all the nations were carrying lighted matches in their hands; as if it was only an accident which match set off the explosion. Mr. Nock resolutely tackles the problem of who piled the powder, and his answer, which is frankly a résumé of Morel's and Neilson's books which appeared early in the war, blames the Entente primarily. He emphasizes a great many much-neglected facts: that the Entente set the pace in armament increase before the war, that Paris and St. Petersburg spent $770,000,000 more for armaments in the decade preceding the war than did Berlin and Vienna; and the unfavorable opinion held by Belgian diplomats of Entente diplomacy. He insists, and documents which apparently were not available to him have since still further emphasized it, that in the two great crises of 1908 and 1911 Germany, then better prepared for war than in 1914, held the balance of peace in Europe in her hand—and tipped the scales for peace. He proves his point that there was not just one guilty nation. But the body of his book seeks to prove further that Russia deliberately willed the war, and does not quite prove it.

Mr. Nock's chapter on the Moroccan crisis of 1911 is inevitably based upon Mr. Morel's "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy." That little classic receives new confirmation in the De Siebert and Livre Noir documents, and in former Premier Caillaux's defense of his own Moroccan policy[9] which is in effect a cutting and of course thoroughly informed criticism of the wavering and exasperating policy of his predecessors.

Frederick Bausman, former member of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, has brought out in Eng-

[5] Der Rechtsweg zur Revision des Friedensvertrags. By Heinrich Kanner. Ludwigsburg: Verlag "Friede durch Recht." 1922.

[6] Les Responsables de la Guerre. By Alfred Pevet. Paris: Librairie de l'Humanité. 1922. 15 francs.

[7] Poincaré a-t-il voulu la Guerre? By Fernand Gouttenoire de Toury. Paris: Clarté. 1920.

[8] The Myth of a Guilty Nation. By Albert Jay Nock. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1922. $1.00.

[9] Agadir: ma politique extérieure. By Joseph Caillaux. Paris: Albin Michel. 1919. Francs 4.90.

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land a vigorous attack on France's part in preparing the war.[10] He writes not as a calm judge, but as a prosecuting attorney, with the vigor of a convert. He credited the fictions that drove America i to the war and only after the peace came upon the documentary revelations of French chauvinism and Allied diplomatic intrigue. He believes they prove that France wantonly armed Russia against a peaceful Germany, that Russia wanted war in 1914, and that France knew it and could have stopped it if she had wanted to. His arraignment carries him at times beyond the evidence but nis sincere passion and his broad sweep have already drawn unusual attention to his book in England and will give it here a popular appeal denied to the restraint of scholars or the bare evidence of documents.

Another summary of those pre-war years is Kaiser Wilhelm's "Comparative Historical Tables"[11]. Chart-like he maps the history of the world in parallel columns. But it is what the Germans would call *stark tendenziös*. The longest of the few entries under "America" is this: "14 March, 1911: Speech of Admiral Sims in the Guildhall in London: America will prove its friendship for England to the last dollar and the last drop of blood. In a simultaneous report the Admiral declares that in conversations in English army and navy circles he finds general agreement that war cannot be postponed more than four years and that he agrees with this." That about places the Kaiser as historian; one wearies of large conclusions drawn from the speeches of an excitable admiral, be he Sims or Lord Fisher, or from sensational editorials in jingo sheets. They recall too much the Allied propaganda with Bernhardi as a text.

After the Kautsky and Gooss documents the most important documents thus far made public are the De Siebert Book and the Livre Noir, and Professor Pribram's documentary history of the Triple Alliance[12]. The fact that Professor Coolidge has edited the English edition of Pribram is proof enough of the scholarly workmanship of the book. Here for the first time are published the authentic texts of the successive treaties of the Triple Alliance. We discover that they contained no binding military clauses whatever, only a clause providing for consultation in case of trouble—just such a clause as the United States recently ratified in the Four-Power Pact. Such seems, indeed, to have been the accepted wording for diplomatic alliances. We discover too that the Triple Alliance was primarily an instrument for the benefit of Italy—sought by her, constantly extended to please her, guaranteeing her protection against French attacks, supporting her colonial program in Africa—even to the extent of aid in case events in Tripoli or Morocco made her feel it necessary to declare war on France—and, later, recognizing the principle of her territorial aspirations in the Balkans. In return the Central Powers got little more than a guaranty, which failed in the emergency, of benevolent neutrality in case of a war of revenge by France or of such a war as finally came. In the early days of the Triple Alliance a special protocol even provided for the possible adherence of England. Here too, in Pribram's two volumes, are the texts of the more binding Austro-German treaty of 1879, of the ephemeral German-Russian agreements, and of the passing Balkan alliances of Austria, of the Franco-Italian agreements which paved the way for Italy's defection, and of the Russo-French agreements which laid the basis of the Triple Entente. Pribram and Coolidge together have done an important job well.

It is a pity that a Professor Coolidge did not help edit the De Siebert documents or the Livre Noir. De Siebert was secretary of the Russian Embassy in London before the war; apparently he kept copies of important documents, and after the war he published them in German. George Abel Schreiner translated them, apparently with conscientious accuracy, but he has interlarded them with offensively prejudiced and unnecessary footnotes. It is annoying, in the midst of documents, to be referred to footnotes which declare that "such was the milk in this cocoanut", or which remark "a peculiar conception of honesty, to be sure." Similarly the Livre Noir, published by French radicals, is liberally marred by the use of capital letters to emphasize passages which are particularly illuminating as regards the role of the bourgeois press in France or of Premier Poincaré. The passages are important, but the capitals annoy the reader who feels competent to make his own judgments. Such defects, however, do not lessen the importance of the documents, and Sazonov and Poincaré have both admitted their genuineness. The best plea Poincaré could make was to suggest that Izvolski, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, had misreported his remarks. The De Siebert documents cover the period 1909-1914; the Livre Noir only 1910-12—a second volume is to follow.

These documents read like a novel or a detective story. Here you have the villains plotting, and recording their plots step by step as in a diary. De Siebert's documents give the story of the Russo-British machinations which forced Morgan Shuster, the American financial adviser, out of Persia. When Shuster sought the help of an able and honest English officer in strengthening Persia's finance England went so far as to refuse to permit his resignation from the army. In these two books you find the cold-blooded explanations by the Entente diplomats of their intrigues to keep Germany from developing the Bagdad Railway. Here in all frankness is exposed the fact of the encirclement of Germany, and the attempts to check even her peaceful penetration of Asiatic markets. Here too is the story of Russia's Machiavellian opposition to the American policy supported by Germany, of the Open Door in China. Here appears Russia informing France that since France has consolidated her position in Morocco, Italy hers in Tripoli, and England hers in Egypt, Russia expects French diplomatic support in obtaining control of the Straits and of her outlet from the Black Sea, and also her support in taking control of the spheres of influence in Manchuria and Mongolia which she had staked out in cahoots with Japan. And when some enterprising journalist got hold of a little too much dangerous truth, here you have the solemn debates of the diplomats as to the manner in which they would deny it—for they earnestly pondered, before giving their denials to the docile news agencies, whether it would look better to have the denial made as from London, or St. Petersburg, or Rome, or Paris. And here again is revealing material upon the role of the banks. More than once French banks refused to follow the narrow Russophile policy of their foreign office. "In judging the acts of the French Government," Izvolski reported on April 11, 1912, "we should not forget that it is not omnipotent with the banks, and that . . . in fact it is not the banks which are in the hands of the

[10] Let France Explain. By Frederick Bausman. London: George Allen and Unwin. 1922. 10/6.

[11] Vergleichende Geschichtstabellen von 1878 bis zum Kriegsausbruch 1914. By Kaiser William II. Leipzig: K. F. Koehler. 1921.

[12] The Secret Treaties of Austria-Hungary, 1879-1914. By Alfred Francis Pribram. English edition by Archibald Cary Coolidge. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 1920-21. $5.00.

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Government but very often the Government, because of political conditions, is subject to the banks." The banks, for instance, insisted on making loans to Hungarian cities, and Russia's protests were in vain.

And here, finally, is a part of the story of the intensification of the Triple Alliance when Poincaré was at the head of affairs in France. Some of the documents are printed in this week's International Relations Section. Many of the most revealing require too much explanation for reprinting. Certainly it is impossible to come from these documents without the conviction that Poincaré, Izvolski, and Sazonov toyed lightly with the peace of Europe (see, for instance, Document X); that they expected war, were preparing for it, and believed themselves well prepared; that France was bound to enter any war which involved Germany and Russia, and knew that the German attack would come through Belgium; and that the French and Russians, who had been assured of British military support in the 1911 crisis, believed that they would have it when war did come.

Divided responsibility indeed, both in the years and in the days preceding the war. I do not think it possible for any fair-minded reader to go through these documents and conclude that one side alone was to blame. Their record is so immediate and intimate that they perhaps give a sense of too much personal responsibility to men moved by economic forces greater than themselves, but our prejudices about the war are built upon a theory of personal responsibility. What then? If there is divided responsibility, Lloyd George and Poincaré agree, the Treaty of Versailles is built upon a lie, and its A-to-Z revision is not merely a matter of economic necessity but of common justice and common decency. We have learned in these last years to be a little cynical about the demands of common justice and common decency. Lloyd George, who promised England's aid in war in 1911, is at the helm in Britain, and Poincaré, who almost urged Russia to war in 1912, is steering in France. Europe has a new network of secret treaties, despite the covenant of the League, and diplomacy is still behind a veil. European civilization is still plunging toward the oft-predicted catastrophe that never quite comes. The task of changing public opinion seems impossible. And yet, if there be any hope in the world, must it not be precisely in this process of slowly cleaning the lies out of our minds and starting fresh?

Herrin—Murder Trial or Holy Cause?

By CARROLL BINDER

WILLIAMSON COUNTY, Illinois, has acted to remove the "blot" placed upon it by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce and, according to the Chamber, by the entire civilized world, for the tragedy at the strip mine of the Southern Illinois Coal Company, midway between Herrin and Marion, on June 21 and 22, when twenty-four persons, including three union miners, lost their lives.

A special grand jury, consisting of twenty-two farmers and one business man, heard three hundred witnesses, and after three weeks' investigation brought in a report attributing the deaths to a conspiracy to close the mine. Seventy-six men, nearly all union miners, are charged with the conspiracy in two hundred and fourteen indictments charging forty-four with murder, fifty-eight with conspiracy to murder, fifty-four with assault to murder, and fifty-eight with rioting. All of the indictments are for the deaths of mine employees. The grand jury had announced that it would probe the deaths of the union miners on the day before the major tragedy, but reported that failure of the attorneys of the miners to furnish evidence concerning the killings made it difficult to fix the blame.

In a report which, according to A. W. Kerr, chief attorney for the miners, "bears all the earmarks of having been drafted in advance by the Attorney General at the Chicago address of the Illinois Chamber of Commerce," the grand jury finds: That the coal company was foolhardy to attempt to operate the mine in that district and to flaunt arms and block an established highway; that the Illinois Adjutant General's Office and the Williamson County Sheriff's office evaded responsibility by not bringing in troops at a time when bloodshed might have been prevented; that local officials were lax in permitting arms to be collected; that a telegram from John L. Lewis calling the mine employees ordinary strikebreakers was followed by the attack on the mine; and, finally, that State's Attorney Delos Duty merits commendation for courage and fidelity to his oath of office.

The story of the so-called Herrin Massacre as constructed by the grand jury portrays the surrender of forty-seven mine employees after a night of fighting to a mob of hundreds of armed men who promised them safe conduct to the railroad station. On the march the mine superintendent was killed, the leader who promised safe conduct supplanted by a man who called on all armed members of the mob to accompany the prisoners to the vicinity of a barbed wire fence, where the captives were ordered to run for their lives. Thirteen of the forty-seven non-union men were killed and most of the others wounded. Two of those who escaped were hung to trees, while six were tied together and marched through Herrin to a farm, where they were shot, and three had their throats cut. It is obvious that press forecasts of a wholesale whitewashing were unfounded.

All of the men indicted for murder have been apprehended and all but eight released on bonds ranging from $20,000 to $5,000. They include some of the most highly respected citizens of the community, and eighty-six citizens said to be worth $10,000,000 went bail for them to the amount of $360,000, guaranteed by $720,000 in real estate and personal property. That, briefly, is the Herrin case at the end of September.

Will the grand jury sessions be followed by ordinary court trials for murder and rioting and the matter end there, or will this case develop into a crucial battle between organized capital and organized labor, with minor skirmishes between political factions interested in fixing the blame for the horror and the glory of the prosecution? There are signs that the murder trial may be lost sight of in the struggle between powerful forces which believe they have a stake in the case.

The Illinois bituminous coal fields are the pride of American trade unionism. The 90,000 coal miners of the State are 100 per cent unionized and the Illinois district of the United Mine Workers of America is a rich and powerful organization. It has a great deal to say about coal mining and is respected by its enemies and cherished by its members. Coal miners' children imbibe unionism with their mothers' milk, and the stories of lives sacrificed and hardships endured to establish the union in an earlier gen-

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eration are familiar to every boy and girl of the mining camp. Hatred for the strikebreaker and the armed guard is a corollary. In many communities the miners function in the political as well as the economic field. They send their own members to the legislature, the city hall, and the courthouse. They have placed on the statute books of Illinois various industrial laws, among them, most obnoxious of all to the employers and operators, a law requiring every prospective miner to live two years in the State before he is qualified to begin work, and to pass an examination before a board dominated by union miners. Illinois operators are thus prevented from importing strikebreakers. When the United Mine Workers ordered a nation-wide suspension of work on April 1, Illinois miners were free to fish, farm, or do other work. Picketing and organizing were unnecessary.

The union executive board authorized several operators to "strip" the earth from veins of coal which were close to the surface and thus easily mined, so that the so-called strip mines would be ready to operate as soon as the strike was settled. Among the operators thus authorized was William J. Lester, president of the Southern Illinois Coal Company. Mr. Lester promised that he would not attempt to mine coal until the strike was settled. Early in June word went out that Lester had broken his agreement and was using his steam-shovel men—some of whom were members of a union not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor—to dig and load coal. Armed guards from the Hargraves Detective Agency of Chicago, which is unfavorably known in union-labor circles, were introduced about the tenth of June. Persons coming to town complained that they were halted by Lester's guards and forced to make a detour, even though they were traveling on the public highway. Others said that they were assaulted by the guards.

Public officials, notably Sheriff Melvin Thaxton and State's Attorney Delos Duty, and local business men joined with union executives in asking Lester and his superintendent, C. K. McDowell, to preserve peace by withdrawing his guards and closing the mine. They explained that the strongly unionized community viewed operation of the mine as a deliberate challenge to the union and an attempt to break the coal strike which would be imitated elsewhere if it succeeded in what was deemed model union territory. Lester is on record as replying that "he'd be damned if he would close the mine for any union." He demanded troops to protect his men in their operations.

Little groups of miners and others began collecting arms. The strip mine was known to have a huge supply of ammunition and many rifles, as well as a machine-gun. Shots were exchanged, and on the afternoon of June 21 Jordan Henderson, union miner, was shot and killed by Superintendent McDowell. Judge Hartwell in his address to the jury stated that he understood Henderson was shot half a mile from the mine property. Williamson County generally understands that Henderson was advancing with his hands in the air on a peace mission. Guy Hudgens, another union miner killed on the afternoon of the same day, was, according to Judge Hartwell's information, shot while sitting in an automobile.

News of the death of these men and the fatal injury of a third union miner inflamed the countryside and whole families came to see what was happening. Superintendent McDowell kept the wires burning with pleas for troops. Colonel S. N. Hunter, representing the adjutant general and Governor of Illinois, declares that he favored the bringing of troops and is certain that had they come the beleaguered strikebreakers and guards would have been escorted to safety and no additional lives lost. He says troops were not sent because the sheriff and State's attorney insisted that they had the situation in hand. Both the sheriff and the State's attorney give the lie to Hunter and say that he deemed troops unnecessary. The grand jury's version of what happened after that is disputed by those in sympathy with the miners. The defense will not make public its account until the trial.

More easy to analyze is the propaganda which was started before the dead of Herrin could be interred, which is still flowing on in full force today. To the opponents of organized labor the tragedy demonstrated the necessity of curbing if not stamping out unionism; the labor press used it as a text to illustrate the folly and the crime of using force to fight unionism and, following the verdict of the coroner's jury, it placed full responsibility on Lester. To politicians responsibility for failure to have troops on hand loomed as a political issue. The faction of the Republican Party headed by Attorney General Brundage, whose newspaper organ is the Chicago *Tribune*, blamed it on Governor Len Small. The Small forces retorted that he would have had the situation in hand if Brundage had not pestered him with a suit for embezzlement of State funds. Sheriff Thaxton, who is a candidate for county treasurer, is pitted against State's Attorney Duty in the division of responsibility for not halting the riot, and the affair will doubtless have its echoes in county politics.

Overshadowing all, however, is the propaganda of the open-shop and the union-labor forces. Both the prosecution and the defense deprecate the introduction of this issue into the trial, but the partisans of both sides are proceeding to fan the flames. Within twenty-four hours of the tragedy the Associated Employers of Indianapolis, an organization which has taken a prominent part in the open-shop campaign of the last three years, had addressed a letter to its clientele in which it called upon

> red-blooded citizenship to wire and write Governor Small urging him to afford the fullest possible protection to life and property in the legitimate mining of coal, notwithstanding the miners' union. We strongly suggest also that you bring the entire situation to the official attention of each society, club, lodge, organization, and church to which you belong, and urge that they shall either act for their membership or have the individual members send similar telegrams and letters. . . . This is part of a national effort that is being made to condemn and forever stamp out the disloyal propaganda and teachings that are primarily responsible for such horrifying and un-American outbreaks as that just experienced by the Southern Illinois Coal Company, merely because it was not operating a union mine.

Coal operators, speaking through the National Coal Association, issued a thirty-eight-page pamphlet on "The Herrin Conspiracy" which tells the most lurid of the tales of the conflict and fixes responsibility for all that happened on the United Mine Workers.

The Illinois Manufacturers' Association, which has a long record of opposition to organized labor, issued on August 9 a bulletin entitled "Home of Lincoln Threatened with Disgrace," in which it made public its plea to Gov-

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ernor Small to place Williamson County under martial law and to call a special session of the legislature to "repeal the obnoxious mining law and enact a State police measure." The Illinois Chamber of Commerce declared that resolutions were not enough and called on its 35,000 members to contribute funds to finance the prosecution. The literature of the Chamber asserts that Attorney General Brundage and State's Attorney Duty are willing to prosecute, but have not sufficient funds to hire investigators and special prosecutors, and it is therefore incumbent on the business men of the State to see that justice is done and the "blot removed from Williamson County." A map of Illinois with a huge blot on the site of Williamson County is being circulated by the Chamber and $25,000 is said to have been raised for Mr. Brundage.

One of the effects of this campaign was a hot rejoinder from the Greater Marion Association, which is the successor of the Marion Chamber of Commerce, dissolved when the national chamber went on record for the open shop. Marion business men refused to contribute the city's quota of $200 to the Brundage fund and asked the Illinois Chamber to steer clear of Marion on its "boosting" tour through southern Illinois.

Nor was the miners' union slow in accepting what it considered a challenge. The miners say Brundage is more interested in advancing his own political career through the prosecution than he is in dispensing justice, that the Chamber of Commerce is raising the funds because it sees an opportunity to give a black eye, if not to destroy unionism, by fixing the crime on the United Mine Workers, and they quote the literature of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association in support of the claim that that powerful body of industrial leaders has seized upon the tragedy to secure the abolition of union legislation.

Frank Farrington, president of the Illinois miners, says:

> The Illinois Miners' Union has already pledged every means at its command to the defense of any and all of its members that may be indicted. . . . The very magnitude of the agitation, which is nation-wide, for convictions in connection with this trouble, jeopardizes the lives and freedom of innocent men and makes it necessary that the State organization furnish every possible means of defense of our members, and that we shall do.

According to the Associated Press the miners, in executive session in Peoria on September 8, pledged 1 per cent of their total earnings—$200,000 a month—to defend the indicted men.

Attorney General Brundage and the metropolitan papers decry the injection of the issue of capital against labor. Replying to the Farrington statement Brundage said: "The prosecution, representing the people, is not assailing the miners' union nor is it a partisan to the dispute between the operators and the miners. The prosecution is simply concerned with the murder of a large number of men under circumstances which have aroused the entire nation. No innocent men need be apprehensive." The Chicago *Tribune* of September 4 quotes him as saying: "I insist that this leader [Farrington] cannot be permitted to place union labor in the position of defending the murderers."

On the other hand Philip Kinsley, Chicago *Tribune* reporter covering the trial, wrote on September 2: "As the situation is developing, the murder charge will be lost sight of in the trials of the rioters, and the cause of the open shop versus union labor will be the central issue."

The Heaven of Loyalty

By S. GRISWOLD MORLEY

DON MANUEL, in whose home I board in Madrid, is a young man with a wife and one bright boy of three. His livelihood is derived from two sources. His real business, so he says, is that of selling foreign machinery on commission, and he has an office in the house where he receives his many clients. But, as an avocation, he holds a clerkship in the Treasury Department of the Government. He goes to the office there two or three times a month; his only certain attendance is on pay-day. He is one of a rather large class in Madrid who occupy minor government positions through "influence," and draw a salary without a stroke of work.

How is it managed? Don Manuel has an uncle who is Under-Secretary of the Treasury. He has obtained for his nephew a place in the Civil Service. The young man passed an examination given by friendly judges. Once in, he cannot be ousted without charges and a trial. If his superiors, conveniently blind to his absence, decline to bring charges, how can there be a trial? Don Manuel, and the thousands of his compatriots who enjoy similar sinecures, are quite unconscious of wrongdoing. I asked Manuel once if his conscience did not prick him for drawing a state salary without work. He replied most sincerely that in his opinion the sums he had to pay for stamped documents in his commission business fully entitled him to all he could get out of the state. I never met a man with a more violent hatred of the Bolsheviks than Don Manuel.

Tobacco is a government monopoly in Spain, as in some other countries which find in a universal vice the surest source of revenue. No private party may import, grow, or sell tobacco, under severe penalty. But, once or twice a month, the postman, who visits the house several times a day, calls Don Manuel to the door for a brief conference. A package is delivered, money is paid for it, and Manuel comes triumphantly in with a huge box of Canary Island cigars, bought at one quarter the government rates. What was the route of the package? From those blue Fortunate Isles it was smuggled into Cadiz, on the coast; it traveled in a mail sack to Madrid; from the central post office it, and hundreds of other packages like it, were sold over the city by the regular carriers. A perfect underground system of distribution managed by government employees and directed against the government. It is of the greatest benefit to all concerned—except the public treasury. The underpaid postman ekes out his salary, and the harassed smoker avoids paying twenty-five cents for a bundle of willow-leaves. And the success of the system is dependent upon the connivance of an entire community.

These two examples, which could be paralleled indefinitely, are quite enough to prove that respect for the law in Spain is as weak as personal loyalty is strong. And, if you stop to think, you will see that to give influence precedence over law is the quality of a gentleman. What is law? An abstract rule devised to govern a hypothetical case in which the factors are unknown quantities. What is influence? Nothing else than the desire to please a friend, to do a favor to a person whose likable traits are known to you, and whose character you can guarantee. This is a human relation, there is warmth in it. Civism, that pure respect for

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generalized justice which makes possible the orderly functioning of the state, is too icy a virtue. It cannot survive long in an affectionate heart.

A semi-humorous contempt for law underlies the Spanish character. It is the source and explanation of many good and evil qualities. Don Quixote released the galley-slaves, not because he thought them unjustly condemned, but because others, equally guilty, went free. By that deed he gave the classic stamp of approval to all who consider that the law is, no doubt, a respectable expression of opinion, but that any warm-hearted human being may override it on behalf of a more ideal justice, not reduced to codes or sets of rules.

Spain, of all nations, ought never to go to war. Modern warfare is organization—the delivery of so much ammunition at a given hour, the arrival of so many soldiers per minute at a given point. War means motor trucks crammed into highways, entering and leaving with the punctuality of English railway trains. War is efficiency. Efficiency is punctuality, respect for orders. Now, no one who has ever traveled in Spain requires proof that Spaniards are not punctual. The Portuguese have a saying: "Spanish trains arrive *when* they arrive *if* they arrive." The tram service in Madrid is assuredly the slowest and most inadequate in the world. How can a military campaign be organized in Spain if a street-car line cannot?

Spain, as a race, imagines that victory in war is the reward of personal valor, of sacrifice, enthusiasm, chivalry. For Spain, war still consists of these elements, and she knows herself capable of each and all. Chivalry! Does it exist outside of the Spanish army? Read this item of news, which did not create a ripple when it appeared in a Madrid daily, under date of May 17, 1921.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE RAMADAN INVITES OUR ARMY TO INTERRUPT OPERATIONS IN MOROCCO

The High Commissioner telegraphs from Tetuan that . . . after our troops had succeeded in occupying advantageous positions, they suspended operations, in order to respect the natives' desire to keep the Ramadan.

This is war as Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin may have conceived it.

But the same nation that is still, in the twentieth century, capable of respecting the religious observances of a foe, has to endure the most disgraceful revelations of incompetence in the management of this war. When the Morocco débâcle of July, 1921, was ventilated in the Cortes, facts such as these were exposed: Guns used in Cuba in 1893 were served to some of the soldiers, and the men used to joke about them, saying, "If you want to score a hit at fifty meters, you'd better aim ten centimeters to the left." Sixty thousand men remained two months shut up in Melilla, besieged by twelve thousand Moors. Spain has spent more money on her sphere of influence in Morocco than France has on hers, twenty times larger, and the former has lost ground rather than gained it. Thus the head fails to support the heart.

Spain's great expansions of vigor have always occurred under the sway of some picturesque emotional appeal: the expulsion of the Moors, the exploration of the New World, the establishment of Catholicism over the whole of Europe. No such motive has appeared in Spanish national life since the seventeenth century, save for the momentary convulsion of patriotism which drove Napoleon out. Spain is awaiting a cause in which to exercise her rich spiritual qualities. Anything short of the best seems to her not worth an effort. Hence the apparent apathy and cynicism of her intellectual life today.

This is a digression. I set out to demonstrate that friendliness and efficiency are incompatible, and that, therefore, war, the ruthlessly efficient, is an absurd and incongruous enterprise in a nation so devoted to its personal relations as Spain. For, as I said, when a Spaniard is compelled to choose between his friend and a law or rule, he is drawn inevitably toward the former. That is an attitude of mind which may, in theory, be regarded as immoral by an Anglo-Saxon or a Teuton. A member of those races is apt to consider himself an exemplar of the highest civilization yet known, but in the present argument I am not sure that he is a competent judge. His experience may emphasize only one side of life and not necessarily the most important side.

I am not sure that we Americans, for example, have room in our busy, practical lives for friendship. It is one thing to feel a wave of pleasure in the heart at the sight of a familiar face, and quite another to mortgage one's house in order that that same face may not be seen behind bars. The moment such a conflict of interests arises, there comes upon a man's mind the tenseness of self-defense, an instinctive hardening of the nerves, a sudden recourse to the primal thought: "Look out for yourself. You have your family and your career to consider." Damon and Pythias are rare individuals in any race, but they are more likely to be met on the Calle de Alcalá than in many another capital. A Spaniard, when he has once given himself to a friend, abandons his own interests with surprisingly small reserve. "You can dispose of me as you would of an umbrella," I heard a Spaniard say to a friend, and he meant it literally. It must give one a feeling of shame, of unworthiness, when another human being places himself thus unconditionally at one's mercy. No man deserves such sacrifice, and one unconsciously shrinks, as though he had witnessed an intimate exposure of feeling to which he had no right.

Professor Royce would have found in Spain the heaven of loyalty. It is not loyalty to principle—there is the rub. It is loyalty to something which can be touched and seen. That is why laws are made only to be broken at a friend's request. That is why religion takes in Spain the form of idol worship, and every parish has its favorite Virgin or wonder-working Christ, which every parishioner will swear is more efficacious than any other image in the world. For the same reason political parties always break up into clusters of *-istas*, clinging to the coat-tails of some scoundrel a trifle more magnetic than the rest. And therefore, lastly, a republic has never made headway with the Spanish people: it affords no hook for an affection to hang on. The Spanish race is not fundamentally intellectual or rational. It is sincere, and passionately devoted to its enthusiasms. And so the wretched officialdom of Spain and her general inefficiency are, in a way, only the manifestations of her superior spiritual capacities.

Notice

If readers of *The Nation* who received defective copies of the issue of October 4 will notify the Circulation Department, perfect copies will be sent to them immediately.

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In the Driftway

MR. PRICE is the Drifter's favorite fisherman. He also approaches the Drifter's ideal in other particulars. Mr. Price pretended it was the most natural thing in the world for the Drifter to want to jig a squid off the coast of Newfoundland. He found an extra line and jigger, which the Drifter dropped overboard, not without self-consciousness under the gaze of the whole off-shore fishing fleet. His luck was slow. For two minutes the squid ignored his seductive jigger, and not only his, but what was worse, the jiggers of all the native fishermen, although they had been pulling in the absurd creatures hand over hand. Dark looks came from the neighboring boats, whose crews had been chaffing Mr. Price with friendly sarcasm for having a Drifter as passenger. Humiliated and apprehensive, the Drifter was preparing to find himself, a lesser Jonah, in the belly of some monster squid, when at last he had a bite. At once the other fishermen were friends again, even more so when the Drifter clumsily allowed his victim to squirt revenge square into both his eyes. The spell was broken, squid rose in abundance. Sometimes two would embrace the same jigger, and lacerate their handsome pink tentacles in competition over the ring of baitless hooks around the irresistible red lead. Detached from the jigger, they would grip each other in a strangle-hold that deflated their plump bodies and blanched their florid complexions. With two pathetic squeals they would die in each other's arms.

* * * * *

MR. PRICE'S twelve-year-old son concealed his amusement at the Drifter's awkward jiggling with less success than his father. But he fished expertly. When a hundred and fifty squid satisfied Mr. Price that it was time to move on to the cod grounds opposite Cape Spear, the youngster steered the launch with one hand while with the other he dissected squid for bait. He anchored the boat over a ledge so that it went slithering down the waves in every surprising direction, and fell to catching cod almost as fast as he had gathered the feeble-minded squid. Mr. Price meanwhile turned the boat into a kitchen by making fire for tea in a homely sort of brazier. Occasionally he gave an approving "That's a ten-cent fish" when his son drew a fat 14-incher out of the water. They ran small that day, and came meekly enough—no squirting here. The boy kicked a cod who held on to the hook too tightly. Mr. Price winced with real pain and reproved him sharply. This might have seemed surprising, for it is Mr. Price's trade to kill several hundred fish every day, but it has always been the Drifter's observation that fishermen and butchers are the most humane and most maligned of men. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Labor Temple School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to tell your readers about the Labor Temple School? The school is an experiment in workers' education; it was opened a year ago with the purpose of bringing university instruction to the doors and within the means of the working people of lower New York. The registrations numbered 107 in the fall term, 121 in the winter term, and 161 in the spring term. On October 9 we open our second year, which promises to be particularly interesting. On Mondays at 7:30 p. m. Miss Katherine Anthony will conduct a class in "The Problems of Woman"; on Mondays at 8:30 Dr. B. Liber, editor of *Rational Living*, will teach a class in "Parentage and the Care of the Child"; on Tuesdays at 7:30 Dr. Irwin Edman of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University will discuss "The Philosophy of Art"; on Tuesdays at 8:30 Dr. Henry Neumann, leader of the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture will speak on "Historic Ideals of a Better World." On Wednesdays at 7:30 the present writer will have a class in "Psychological Politics," and on Thursdays at 6:45 he will play junior partner to Prof. H. P. Fairchild of New York University in a joint course on "Economics"; on Thursdays at 8 Prof. Harry Overstreet of the City College of New York will have a course in "The Training of the Mind" and Mr. Cedric Long will tell of "The Cooperative Movement: Its Theory, Practice, and Promise," On Wednesdays at 8:30 I shall give "An Outline of History," based on Wells's "Outline" as a text, and on Sundays at 5 p. m. a corresponding "Outline of Literature." The classes are held at 239 East 14th Street, with the exception of the last two courses, which are held in Labor Temple auditorium.

New York, September 26 WILL DURANT

The Purpose of Parody

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Bodenheim's animadv rsions in *The Nation* for September 27 concerning my "genial malice" are neither important nor true and it is not my purpose to enter a passionately personal rebuttal. Mr. Bodenheim has every right to dislike my occasional parodies. But when he attacks Parody *per se* with such splenetic ignorance, he reveals a total misconception of its quality and deserves the discourtesy of an answer. Here are a few of Mr. Bodenheim's amazing dicta:

"Tragic or serious creations are always easy to burlesque. For instance, any clown can burlesque the figure of Macbeth and win the laughter of his audience. . . . It [parody] merely demands a shallow cleverness, an ability to glib imitation, and a moderate sense of the humorous. . . . It becomes the mere passing entertainment of each literary generation; and this is the most significant purpose that parody can achieve."

The most significant purpose that parody can achieve—as even its victims have recognized—is criticism. And it is the critical function that lifts parody above the burlesque with which Mr. Bodenheim has confused it. It is because of this, that tragic creations are—despite Mr. Bodenheim's ridiculous assertion—never easy to parody; the failure of one humorist after another to parody Shakespeare successfully is a platitudinous proof. "Any clown can burlesque the figure of Macbeth and win the laughter of his audience." Who has ever achieved this distinction? And when has it even been attempted? The chief power of parody, apart from its purely superficial humor, is to expose—and magnify—a cross-section of the specimen under the microscope; disclosure by a sudden revelation rather than by elaborate analysis. The authors of the immortal "Rejected Addresses" understood this when they composed, under the cover of broadly humorous imitations, the best critical essays of the period. Bayard Taylor availed himself of the method, and his "Diversions of the Echo Club" ranks with, if not higher than, his most serious accomplishments. From the Elizabethans to Max Beerbohm, parody at its best has been incisive, illuminating, pitiless to pretense. Even Swinburne—supposedly lacking in self-critical humor—turned from his castigating prose to flagellate himself (among others) in the brilliant "Heptalogia, or the Seven Against Sense."

As a practitioner of the art, my own contributions may be even less valuable than your reviewer suspects, but in his derision of the form, Mr. Bodenheim turns too easy a laugh—and one that, ironically enough, is on himself.

New York, September 21 LOUIS UNTERMEYER

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International Relations Section

Documents in Diplomatic Deceit

THE following series of documents, taken from various sources which have recently become available, have been selected to cast light upon the questions whether the Entente Powers were taken by surprise by the Great War or were expecting it and preparing for it; whether their policy was essentially pacific or dangerously assertive; whether M. Poincaré, Prime Minister of France from January 15, 1912, to January 22, 1913, President of France from 1913 to 1920, and since January, 1922, again Prime Minister, played a provocative role on the diplomatic stage of pre-war Europe; and upon the function of the press as viewed by diplomats in both camps. They are not selected with a view to giving a full and fair picture of the diplomacy of the Entente; they are the more striking documents which are most illuminating on these points. Most of them are taken from the "Livre Noir," which consists chiefly of the correspondence of the Russian Ambassador at Paris with his home office, or from De Siebert's "Entente Diplomacy and the World," a larger collection of Russian diplomatic material. Both of these books are reviewed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. The source is indicated with each document.

It should be recalled that following the occupation of Fez, the capital of Morocco, by France in June, 1911, Germany sent the gunboat Panther to Agadir in early July, thus precipitating a European crisis which was eventually solved by the elimination of Germany from Morocco in exchange for a slice of French Equatorial Africa; that Russia, with England, sustained France in this crisis; and that throughout the period Russia continued secret negotiations with Germany about spheres of influence in Persia and railroad lines in Turkey connecting with the Bagdad Railway. Russia also was secretly organizing the Balkan League. In the autumn of 1912 the First Balkan War broke out, again almost involving a European war. After the victory of the Balkan Allies, Austria and Italy insisted upon excluding Serbia from the Adriatic, and Austria demanded as a result of the new situation created some form of compensation, and mobilized a part of her army. Serbia was kept from the Adriatic, but the two Balkan wars weakened Austria's influence in the Balkans to the advantage of Russia. The Franco-Russian Alliance became more intimate during 1913 and 1914; the documents here given present for the first time in America the story of the Franco-Russian endeavor, not without success, to bring England into closer union with them in the Spring of 1914.

I

SPECIAL REPORT OF NEKLUDOV, DECEMBER 14, 1910

The revolutionary ferment in Russia (after 1905) was a new test for the Franco-Russian alliance. It is indubitable that the immense majority not only of the radical leaders of the republic but even of their more moderate adversaries sympathized with the new purely parliamentary regime, the coming of which in Russia seemed to them both imminent and desirable. Even apart from the freemasons and Jews almost all France saw in the final triumph of the new principles a reinforcement for Russia and at the same time a consolidation of the alliance of the new Russia with republican France. The failure of the Russian Revolution would have discouraged French public opinion if the reestablishment of order in Russia had not been linked with the security and consolidation of the economic situation and of the credit of the country to which France had at various times contributed more than eleven billions out of her national savings. This financial consideration played a very considerable role in the commonsense shown by French statesmen in treating Russian events. . . . Whatever personal opinions the rulers of the republic may hold of the Russian regime and the Russian authorities they conduct themselves absolutely correctly toward Russia. M. Clemenceau, who was constantly throwing mud at official Russia while he was in the opposition, as soon as he took office as Minister of the Interior paid a call upon the Russian ambassador and assured him that as a member of the Government of the Republic he could only consider Russia and its Government with sympathy and confidence. (*Livre Noir*)

II

BENCKENDORFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT LONDON TO NERATOV, RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, AUGUST 16, 1911.

After we had discussed the Persian question, I asked Grey whether he had news regarding the progress of the Berlin negotiations [in re Morocco]. . . . [He] asked me: "What would you do in case of complications?"

I told Sir Edward I had not the right to give an official answer; the treaty alliance between France and Russia existed in its full compass; war would certainly be a great misfortune for Russia; personally, however, I had not the slightest doubt but that the terms of the Treaty would be strictly carried out. . . .

"I will tell you why I believe one must know this. In the event of war between Germany and France, England would have to participate. If this war should involve Russia, Austria would be dragged in too, for, although she has not the slightest desire to interfere in this matter, she will be compelled by force of circumstances to do so. There is no doubt that in such an event the situation in Albania will become aggravated. Consequently, it would no longer be a duel between France and Germany—it would be general war."

Sir Edward then said to me: "I do not believe Emperor William wanted war when this incident occurred; I do not believe he wants war today. Even in case of the difficult situation mentioned above, it seems to me out of the question—if he bears in mind the frightful consequences of the general collision which he would be calling forth—that he could decide to go to war on account of such a question."

I cannot deny that this breadth of view seems justified to me. (*De Siebert*)

III

IZVOLSKI, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT PARIS TO NERATOV, LETTER, DECEMBER 20, 1911

[After a general description of the Franco-German negotiations in regard to Morocco, the letter concludes:]

Finally, the occurrences just described have also proved various political truths, concerning which doubt has hitherto existed. The crisis of 1908, respecting Bosnia, aroused in the public opinion of Europe a certain lack of confidence in the strength and efficacy of the Triple Entente. But now this Alliance, which originated under the influence of historical necessity, has not only demonstrated its inner strength but has also shown that it is in a position to act in favor of the preservation of general peace. In this respect it is extremely noteworthy that in those critical summer days England, without being bound to France by a formal act, was prepared to mobilize not only her entire fleet, but also her expeditionary army against Germany. Should it not be ascribed to the resolute attitude of the three Entente Powers, that Germany showed that compliance which finally led to the signing of the agreement of November 4?

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In ascribing the preservation of the peace to the common action of the three Powers, I do not indulge in optimism as to the future. After the crisis just experienced the political situation of Europe is less secure than ever. Beyond all doubt any local collision between the Powers is bound to lead to a general European conflict in which Russia, like every other European Power, will have to participate. With God's help, the conflict may be postponed for a while, but that it may come at any moment we must bear in mind, hour by hour, and we must also arm against it, hour by hour. *(De Siebert)*

IV

IZVOLSKI TO NERATOV, AUGUST 17, 1911

. . . I was especially glad to learn that the treaty with Germany concerning Persia was about to be signed because there is no doubt that there is reason to fear a new press campaign intended to arouse distrust of our policy. So without losing a moment I hastened to take preventive measures, which have found their expression in the attached articles in the *Matin* and the *Journal des Débats*. I hope you will not disapprove my having spoken of this matter for if the news of the signature of this treaty had appeared here unexpectedly there might have been most regrettable consequences. You know how difficult it is to deal with the press here, especially when I have not at my disposition the material means of action. I do not know whether I shall succeed in orienting the other influential papers as is desirable, especially the *Temps*, where M. Tardieu is certainly acting against our interests. *(Livre Noir)*

V

IZVOLSKI TO NERATOV, AUGUST 19, 1911

I am hastily writing you two words to inform you that by the financial courier today I am sending a letter to V. P. Kokovtzov [Russian Minister of Finance] in which I privately raise the question of providing me, in view of the approaching international crisis, with sufficient material means for influencing the press here. Only with the greatest efforts have I just succeeded in avoiding erroneous interpretations of the fact of our signature, precisely at the critical moment, of the Persian agreement with Germany. It will be very important to have a permanent and sure instrument for orienting the most important organs here, almost all of which are accessible only to arguments that clink *(arguments sonnants)*. It is enough to recall the considerable role played during the Bosnian crisis by the clever distribution of Austrian money to the French press by Count Kevenhuler [Austrian Ambassador at Paris in 1908]. I am asking V. P. Kokovtzov to answer me whether he considers my request exceptional at the present moment, in which case I shall not fail to submit to him considerations as to the amount of the sum required and the manner of its distribution. *(Livre Noir)*

VI

IZVOLSKI TO NERATOV, OCTOBER 12, 1911

If we really decide to raise at once the question of the Straits, it is very important that steps should be taken to insure a good press. Yet in this respect I lack the principal weapon, for my insistance that I be provided with special funds for the press have had no result. . . . An instance of the advantage of spending money on the press here is furnished by the Tripolitan affair. I know that Tittoni worked up the principal French papers very thoroughly and with a very generous hand. The results are evident. *(Livre Noir)*

VII

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS (SUCCEEDING NERATOV), FEBRUARY 15, 1912

There is a complete contrast between the crises of 1905 and of 1911. I recall that soon after Algeciras Kaiser William in conversation expressed the following thought which much astonished me: "The question of Alsace-Lorraine is definitely liquidated for France has refused to accept the duel which was offered her and by that fact has formally and unconditionally accepted all the consequences of the Treaty of Frankfurt." After the events of last summer Kaiser William will have to give up that idea for, as I have often written you, France has shown an incontestible determination not to hesitate, in case of need, at armed defense of her rights and interests. These dispositions run like a red thread through all the speeches made in the course of discussion of the [Moroccan] agreement [with Germany] in the two chambers, and it certainly must be reckoned with when new misunderstandings arise. I know from a very certain source that despite the happy solution of the Moroccan crisis military circles here expect new international complications in the spring, and the War Department is continuing to prepare actively for military operations in the near future. *(Livre Noir)*

VIII

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, MAY 23, 1912

[After referring to the press scandal regarding his insistence that Georges Louis, the moderate French ambassador, be recalled from St. Petersburg, Izvolski continues:] This renders even more serious the fact that it is impossible for me to bring sufficient influence to bear upon the lesser papers which live upon blackmail and "gratifications." About a year ago I wrote to V. P. Kokovtzov about this in detail but without result. In normal times the need is not evident because I have established very good relations with the serious papers, which helped me greatly in the present case. But it is necessary to have means of influencing rapidly in critical times the hungry mob of little papers, and I am, as you know, quite without these means.

[In a letter of May 17 Izvolski reported that he had "indicated" to Poincaré that "in the interest of Franco-Russian relations it would be desirable sooner or later to replace" Louis; Poincaré immediately took up the matter with the Cabinet and informed Georges Louis; and the decision somehow leaked into the papers. Izvolski says that he and Poincaré immediately prepared denials which were delivered to the Havas Agency and to the representative of the Telegraphic Agency of St. Petersburg.] *(Livre Noir)*

IX

REPORT OF SAZONOV TO THE CZAR, ST. PETERSBURG, AUGUST 17, 1912

During the sojourn in St. Petersburg of M. Poincaré, the French President of the Council of Ministers and Minister for Foreign Affairs, I had with him numerous conferences.

First of all we took the opportunity of one of our first meetings to express to each other our mutual satisfaction at the successful completion of the recent negotiations which took place between the chiefs of our naval general staffs. The draft of a naval agreement signed in Paris by Admiral Aubert and Prince Lieven has received the imperial approval, and I have been graciously authorized to confirm the agreement by my signature.

As the military convention concluded between Russia and France about twenty years ago was duly ratified by both Governments by means of an exchange of separate notes, it was decided by agreement with M. Poincaré to use the same method also for ratifying the naval convention. Accordingly on the 2nd and 3rd of August I and M. Poincaré exchanged letters in which both sides make declarations recognizing the naval agreement now concluded as binding for both of them.

Having touched in his conversation with me on the minutes of the last meeting of the chiefs of the general staffs of the land armies, M. Poincaré pointed out that he attached a very great importance to our carrying out of the desire of the French general staff recorded in those minutes that the carrying capacity of our railways leading to our western frontier should

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be increased by laying second tracks on the lines specified in the minutes. I replied that I was informed of those recommendations, and that we will most probably carry them out as far as possible.

The relations between France and England formed the subject of the most candid exchange of views between M. Poincaré and myself. Having pointed out that these relations have lately, under the influence of the aggressive policy towards France on the part of Germany, assumed the character of especial closeness, the French Prime Minister confided to me that although no written agreement existed between France and England nevertheless both the military and the naval general staffs of both countries maintain with each other a close contact and continually communicate to each other with complete frankness all information that may interest either of them. *This constant interchange of views had as its consequence the conclusion between the French and the English governments of a verbal agreement by virtue of which England stated her readiness, in the event of an attack on the part of Germany, to give assistance to France with both her naval and her military forces. On land England promised to help France by sending over to the Belgian frontier an army of 100,000 men in order to resist the German invasion of France through Belgium which is anticipated by the French general staff.* M. Poincaré earnestly requested me to maintain the utmost secrecy about this information, and not to give even the English any reason to suspect that it had been communicated to us.

In connection with the naval support which England and France intend to give to one another, M. Poincaré touched upon the question of the possibility of coordinating the actions of the naval forces of Russia and England. By virtue of our naval convention France bound herself to give us her assistance in the sense of diverting from us the Austrian fleet in the Mediterranean and of preventing it from penetrating into the Black Sea. In the Baltic Sea, to which the actions of the French navy do not extend, a similar role, in the opinion of M. Poincaré, might be undertaken by the English naval forces. In view of this, M. Poincaré asked me whether I proposed to take advantage of my forthcoming visit to England in order to raise in my conversations with the leaders of English policy the question of the joint action of the Russian and English navies in the case of a conflict between the Powers of the Triple Entente and Germany. I replied to M. Poincaré that this question required careful consideration.

Touching upon the relations between France and Italy, I expressed to M. Poincaré my sincere pleasure at the fact that these relations, which at one time seemed to be so strained, now, it would appear, are taking a better turn—a fact which is of special importance just now, being as it is on the eve of the renewal of the Triple Alliance.

In dealing with this subject I drew the attention of M. Poincaré to the circumstance that it was most essential to France to keep Italy within the strict limits of a formal execution of her obligations towards her allies and not to provide her with an inducement for a closer unity with the latter, since this might prove to be of great disadvantage in the case of a conflict between France and Germany. . . . I deem it my duty to note that I was greatly pleased with the opportunity of meeting M. Poincaré and of entering into personal relations with him, all the more so as from the exchange of opinions with him I gained the impression that in his person Russia has a true and reliable friend with an exceptional statesmanlike outlook and with inflexible will. Should international relations reach a critical moment we can only wish that at the head of the Government of our ally there should stand, if not M. Poincaré himself, then a man endowed with an equally firm character and equally fearless in undertaking responsibility as is the present Prime Minister of France.

(*Manchester Guardian*, JUNE 14, 1922)

X

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, SEPTEMBER 12, 1912

. . . Poincaré told me that the French Government was very seriously examining the question of possible international eventualities; it was fully aware that certain events, such as the crushing of Bulgaria by Turkey, or an attack on Serbia by Austria-Hungary, might oblige Russia to abandon its passive role and have recourse first to a diplomatic action and then to military intervention against Turkey or Austria. In accordance with the declarations which we have received from the French Government the most sincere and energetic diplomatic support is assured us from France in such an hypothesis. But in such stage of events the Government of the Republic would not be in a situation to receive from Parliament or from public opinion the sanction necessary for any military measures. But if the conflict with Austria should involve an armed intervention by Germany the French Government recognizes in advance that this would constitute the *casus foederis*, and it would not hesitate a minute to fulfil its obligation to Russia. "France," M. Poincaré adds, "is incontestably pacifically disposed and neither seeks nor wants war but German intervention against Russia would immediately change this state of mind" and he is convinced that in such a case Parliament and public opinion would entirely approve the decision of the Government to grant Russia armed support. Finally M. Poincaré told me that in view of the critical situation in the Balkans the high French military authorities would study all possible military eventualities with renewed attention, and that he knew that informed and responsible people looked upon the chances of Russia and France in case of a general conflagration with much optimism.

(*Livre Noir*)

XI

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, OCTOBER 23, 1912

In pondering day and night over the various eventualities which may come to pass I always return, in spite of myself, to the following three possibilities: a decisive victory of the Balkan states; a like victory of the Turks; a dragging out of the war. . . . The first of these eventualities, and the one which in my opinion is least likely to come about, would at the same time be the most dangerous in its consequences for general peace; it would push into the foreground, in all its historical significance, the question of the fight of the Slavs not only against Islam but also against the Teutons. In such a case it will hardly be possible to put one's faith in any palliative measures, and it will become necessary then to prepare for a great and decisive general European War.

Somewhat less dangerous, from the general European standpoint, yet extremely troublesome for us, would be a decisive victory of Turkey. Such a victory would produce an enormous excitement of public opinion with us and would impose upon us the duty to come to the rescue of the Slav states. As I meet Poincaré almost daily, and in confidential chats with him touch upon the most varied subjects, I considered it possible to moot this question too, with the express reservation that I was merely expressing my personal view and was thinking aloud, so to speak. At first my ideas visibly startled him. In reply he told me that such a one-sided action on the part of Russia would impair the unity of action of the Powers and would induce Austria to parallel action. This would, he was convinced, arouse great animosity against Russia in England and would lead to a rupture of the Triple Entente. . . . Today I had an opportunity of convincing myself that my conversation had not been futile and that Poincaré's attitude towards my ideas is one not only of perfect calm but also of a certain disinterestedness (not to say somewhat sympathetic) because it permitted it to appear as if our intervention were forced upon us, and in that form it would be least dangerous to general peace.

I hope that you will not reprove me for having of my own accord broached such an important and delicate question to

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Poincaré. It appears to me to be in our favor if we can convince him of the inevitability of our active intervention which may, under certain circumstances, become imperative. If we should abstain from such intervention we shall, by doing so, earn the gratitude of France. If, however, the intervention becomes fact Poincaré will be prepared for it and will be in a position to let us enjoy his full diplomatic cooperation in localizing the trouble. I take the liberty of remarking that if we should have to decide on mobilization or even only on a transfer of our Caucasian troops according to the course events may take it seems to me that we should notify M. Poincaré thereof in good time, so that he will be able to lend us adequate assistance in smoothing the way in London. (*De Siebert*)

XII

POINCARE, FRENCH PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, TO IZVOLSKI, NOVEMBER 4, 1912

As I have just informed you, the enigmatic attitude of Austria causes similar misgiving to the French as to the Russian Government. In agreement with the Ministerial Council, I consider it expedient that we should even now arrange a joint-action program in case Austria should seek to realize a territorial aggrandizement. You were so kind as to tell me that such a contingency was provided for in the agreements entered into at Racconigi [Russo-Italian treaty of 1909], and that Italy as well as Russia had declared that they would oppose the territorial expansion of any Great Power in the Balkans. The French Government is likewise of the opinion that such proceedings would encourage all kinds of aspirations. I should like to know, therefore, whether the imperial Russian Government clearly refuses as does ours to countenance all annexations of Turkish territory by any Great Power, and whether it would be inclined to consult, in concert with France and England, as to what means should be adopted in order to prevent any such danger? (*De Siebert*)

XIII

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, NOVEMBER 17, 1912

It is for Russia, he [Poincaré] remarked to me, to take the initiative in a question in which she is interested above all others, whilst it will be France's task to give her full and active support. . . . All in all, Poincaré added, this means, that if Russia makes war, France will also make war, because we know that Germany will stand by Austria in this question. In answer to my query, whether he knew England's point of view in this matter, Poincaré said that, according to his information, the London Cabinet would for the moment confine itself to promising Russia its entire diplomatic support, but that this would not under certain conditions exclude more energetic assistance. (*De Siebert*)

XIV

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, NOVEMBER 18, 1912

In order to avoid any misundestanding, and in consideration of the great importance attaching to the question, I read my telegram 369 [XII above] to Poincaré, who is completely in agreement with its text. He merely asked me more precisely to develop his ideas regarding one point, namely that which concerns the conditions on which France would wage war. "It must be well understood," he said, "that France would go to war if the particular case of the *casus foederis* provided for in the alliance be fulfilled, that is, if Germany were to support Austria by force of arms against Russia."

(*De Siebert*)

XV

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, NOVEMBER 7, 1912

With reference to Poincaré's proposal to prevent the possibility of Austria making territorial acquisitions in the Balkans. . . . The French proposal was made after the matter had been discussed by the Cabinet, and it expressed a perfectly new standpoint of France in the matter of the territorial aggrandizement of Austria in the Balkans. Whereas France up to the present had declared that local, so to speak, purely Balkan, events could not induce her to take any active measures, the French Government now appears to admit that an acquisition of territory on the part of Austria in the Balkans would affect the general European equilibrium and, consequently, also the special interests of France.

I did not fail to draw Poincaré's attention to the fact that by his proposing to consult in common with us and England on the means that might be employed in preventing such acquisitions he raises the question of the practical consequences of the agreement proposed by him. From his reply I was able to gather that he is perfectly conscious of the fact that France may thus become involved in a warlike action. For the present, of course, he submits this question merely for our consideration, but in a conversation with me Paléologue [director-general of the Foreign Office] plainly admitted that the proposed agreement might lead to some kind of active step. . . . (*De Siebert*)

XVI

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, DECEMBER 18, 1912

While not long ago the French Government and the press were inclined to accuse us of exciting Serbia and the dominant note was "France does not wish to wage war for a Serbian port," now, on the contrary, they look with astonishment and unconcealed apprehension upon our indifference to the fact of mobilization in Austria. Not only are these apprehensions expressed by French cabinet ministers in their discussions with me and with our military agent; they penetrate also to the general public and into newspapers of the most diverse political opinions; they are so lively in the French general staff that, as I said in my telegram No. 445, the Minister of War [M. Millerand] felt it necessary to draw M. Poincaré's attention to the matter. M. Poincaré showed me the letter from M. Millerand and submitted it to a cabinet meeting called especially for that purpose. M. Georges Louis's telegram transmitting the reply of our general staff to General de la Guiche did not dissipate the astonishment of the French; they showed me the text of this telegram, according to which General de la Guiche was not only told that we considered Austria's arming only a measure of defense, but that in the improbable case that Austria should attack Serbia, Russia would not fight. This reply greatly astonished Poincaré and the other French ministers.

According to the information received here Austria is at present carrying out the complete mobilization of ten corps, a part of which is ostensibly arrayed against Russia. This mobilization weighs heavily upon the Austrian budget, for the financial situation is already difficult, and a decisive step by the Austrian Cabinet may be expected any day. This step, it is believed here, may provoke the intervention of Russia, which in turn would automatically and inevitably bring in first Germany and then France. The French Government calmly recognizes this possibility (*envisage cette possibilité avec conscience et sang-froid*), and has firmly decided to fulfil its obligations as an ally. It has taken all the necessary measures: the mobilization on the eastern front has been checked up, supplies are ready, etc. . . .

While attempting to maintain a favorable disposition among the members of the Government and in the political world I am also doing everything possible to influence the press. Thanks to careful steps taken in good time considerable results have been obtained. As you know I do not intervene directly in the distribution of subsidies, but this distribution, in which the French Ministries of Foreign Affairs and of Finance participate, seems to be effective and is attaining its goal. For my part, I try every day to influence personally the more important Paris papers, such as the *Temps*, the *Journal des Debats*, the *Echo de Paris*, etc. In general the Paris press of today is very different from that of 1908-09; I must call particular attention

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to the attitude of the *Temps*, which distinguished itself four years ago for its Austrophilism, but in the columns of which M. Tardieu is now energetically fighting the Austrian policy. Count Berchtold and the Austrian Ambassador at Paris have several times complained to M. Poincaré.

In my discussions with French journalists I try particularly to persuade them that if Austria's arming and the demands of Austrian diplomacy bring on a European conflict despite Russia's conciliatory moderation war will be waged not for the private interests of Serbia or of Russia but as a result of Austria's policy and Germany's support of it; these two Powers seek to establish their hegemony in Europe and in the Balkan peninsula. God be thanked, this idea is filtering more and more into political, military, and social circles, and lately I have not had to combat so much the idea that war might be imposed upon France for interests alien to hers as the fear that we might be too passive in a situation concerning the position and prestige of the Entente. *(Livre Noir)*

XVII

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, JANUARY 16, 1913

If—may God not will it—Poincaré should be beaten, it would be a catastrophe for us.

(*l'Humanité*, January 15, 1922)

XVIII

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, JANUARY 29, 1913

Poincaré told me that as president of the Republic he would have every opportunity directly to influence the foreign policy of France. . . . In his opinion it is of the greatest importance that the French Government be able to prepare French opinion in advance for participation in the war which may grow out of the Balkan question. (*l'Humanité*, January 15, 1922)

XIX

BARON GUILLAUME, BELGIAN MINISTER AT PARIS, TO THE BELGIAN FOREIGN OFFICE, FEBRUARY 14, 1913

The new President of the Republic has in France today such a popularity as none of his predecessors experienced. . . . This popularity is made of diverse elements; his election was skilfully prepared. . . . It is primarily a manifestation of the old French chauvinism which was for many years under eclipse but which, since the incidents of Agadir, has gained new force.

(Belgian Documents)

XX

POINCARE TO THE CZAR, MAY 30, 1913

Dear and great friend: I do not want to content myself with the letters of credit which I have handed to M. Delcassé, and I seize upon the occasion of the departure of our ambassador to renew to Your Majesty the assurance of my unalterable sentiments.

In confiding to an eminent statesman *(homme politique)* particularly versed in the study of international questions the mission of representing it at Your Majesty's court the Government of the Republic has sought to bind still closer the alliance between our two countries and to maintain with the Imperial Government a close and permanent contact.

I do not need to tell Your Majesty that M. Delcassé, Minister of the Marine in the Cabinet over which I presided, interested himself in all the problems of foreign policy brought up by the Balkan crisis, and has closely followed the course of events. He is *au courant* of the least details of the negotiations and he will be better able than any other in concert with M. Sazonov to assure the common action of our two diplomatic staffs.

Furthermore, when I had the honor to be received by Your Majesty at Peterhof last year I drew your high attention to the utility, in the opinion of our general staffs, of hastening the construction of certain railroad lines upon the western [German] frontier of the [Russian] empire. The great military effort which the French Government proposes to make in order to maintain the equilibrium of European forces renders particularly urgent today the correlative measures upon the necessity of which the general staffs of the two countries have agreed. M. Delcassé will discuss these important questions with Your Majesty and your Government, as also all questions which concern the functioning of the alliance and which may permit us to be more certain of the preservation of peace.

I shall be happy if Your Majesty will be so kind as to give our ambassador a favorable reception and by your high kindness to make easier for him a mission which I hope will be profitable for our two nations.

I beg Your Majesty to accept the renewed expression of my sentiments of faithful friendship. RAYMOND POINCARE

(*l'Humanité*, May 30, 1922)

XXI

IZVOLSKI TO SAZONOV, APRIL 29, 1914

[The original bears the autograph mark X made by the late Czar Nicholas II.]

(Very confidential)

Dear Sergei Dmitrievich.—On the receipt of your letter marked "Very confidential," and dated "March 20, N 23," I did not fail to talk over the matter referred in it first with M. Doumergue and then with M. Poincaré, as soon as he arrived in Paris—i.e., a few hours before the arrival here of the King and Queen of England. They both (MM. Doumergue and Poincaré) promised to avail themselves of the first convenient opportunity to impress on King George and Sir Edward Grey the desirability of a closer understanding between Russia and Great Britain and to suggest to the British Foreign Secretary that they [France and Great Britain] should jointly communicate to us the contents of the political agreement existing between France and Great Britain so that it may serve as basis for the outlining of a similar understanding between Russia and Great Britain.

The exchange of views between the French and British statesmen first of all touched on the relations between France and Great Britain. In opening the Conference both sides unanimously agreed that the existing understanding between both countries does not need any formal modification or supplementation, and that by continuing consistently and loyally to apply to all political questions that may arise the Entente Cordiale both France and Great Britain will thus consolidate and develop the bonds by which they are united; at the same time it was also admitted that Russia is to be incorporated in the closest manner both by France and Great Britain in their joint policy. This idea, as you will have certainly already noticed, is quite clearly expressed in the *communiqué* to the press issued both here and in London on the conclusion of the above-mentioned Conference. M. Doumergue has told me that every word of this *communiqué* edited by M. Cambon has carefully been weighed and checked both by himself and Sir Edward Grey, who has fully indorsed the allusion made in it to Russia and also the indication that the aim of the three Powers is not only "peace" but also "equilibrium." I consider it my duty to forward you (here inclosed) a newspaper cutting containing the text of the *communiqué* already wired by me.

On the conclusion of the discussion of various current matters of actual policy M. Doumergue turned to the question of Anglo-Russian relations, and expressed to Sir Edward Grey the wishes agreed upon between himself and me. He submitted the following two principal arguments in favor of a closer Anglo-Russian understanding: (1) Germany's efforts to draw us away from the Triple Entente, which she represents to be an unreliable and weak political combination; and (2) the possibility by means of a naval treaty concluded between us and Great Britain of setting free part of the British naval forces for energetic action, not only in the Baltic and northern seas, but also in the Mediterranean. M. Doumergue also drew Sir Edward Grey's attention to the fact that in two years we would have in the Baltic a powerful squadron consisting of dreadnoughts.

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Sir Edward Grey replied to M. Doumergue that personally he is in complete sympathy with the views expressed by the latter, and would be fully prepared to conclude with Russia agreements similar to those already existing between England and France; but at the same time he did not conceal from M. Doumergue that not only among members of the Government party but also among members of the Cabinet there are certain elements prejudiced against Russia and little inclined towards a further *rapprochement* with her; but, nevertheless, he expressed the hope that he would be able to win over Mr. Asquith and other members of the Cabinet to his views, and he proposed the following *modus procedendi:* that first of all both cabinets, the Paris and London ones, might mutually agree to communicate to the Petersburg Cabinet all agreements existing between France and Great Britain—namely, (1) the military and naval conventions drafted by the general and naval staffs, and (2) the political agreement in the form of letters exchanged between Sir Edward Grey and the French Ambassador in London; in these letters it is agreed that in the event, necessitated by circumstances, of Great Britain and France deciding to take concerted action they will "take into consideration" the above-mentioned conventions. Simultaneously with this communication the London and Paris cabinets could ask us what we think of the matter referred to in this communication, and this in its turn would enable us to enter upon an exchange of views with Great Britain regarding the conclusion of a corresponding Anglo-British agreement.

In Sir Edward Grey's opinion only a naval and not a military convention could be concluded between us and Great Britain, as all Great Britain's military forces have already been apportioned, and evidently are unable to cooperate with the Russian army. Sir Edward Grey added that immediately upon his return to London he will submit the above-mentioned plan of action to Mr. Asquith and his other colleagues for consideration. In response to M. Doumergue's question whether Sir Edward Grey did not think that it would be desirable not to invest the agreements between Russia and Great Britain with the form of parallel agreements [with the Anglo-French agreement], but to embody them in one "Triple" agreement, he (Sir Edward) replied that he personally did not exclude such a possibility, but this question need be raised only in the future in connection with the technical drawing up of the proposed Anglo-Russian agreement.

All three who were present at the Conference—MM. Doumergue, Cambon, and De Margery—told me that they were surprised at the definite and clear preparedness expressed by Sir Edward Grey to enter on the path of a closer *rapprochement* with Russia; they were convinced that the reservations made to them regarding Mr. Asquith and other members of the Cabinet were of a purely formal nature, and that if he (Sir Edward Grey) had not been sure beforehand of their consent he would have refrained from making such definite proposals.

(*Manchester Guardian*, June 13, 1922)

XXII

BENCKENDORFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT LONDON, TO SAZONOV, MAY 12, 1914

Sir Edward Grey requested me to call upon him. . . . He wished to announce to me the beginning of a phase of a still closer *rapprochement* to France. . . . It had been impossible in Paris, at a distance from his colleagues, to do more than to express his personal assent to the plan, according to which the Governments of England and France were to inform the Russian Government of all military conventions existing between England and France.

He was able to inform me today that he had spoken of this to the Prime Minister, immediately upon his return to London; the latter shared his opinion, and had no objections to make against the plan proposed; the whole affair was, however, essentially of such importance that it could not be decided upon without the assent of the Cabinet-Council. *(De Siebert)*

XXIII

BENCKENDORFF TO SAZONOV, MAY 16, 1914

Cambon (French Ambassador at London) . . . told me that, according to the opinion of Sir Edward Grey, the negotiations might be conducted precisely as in the case of France, i. e., that our Naval Attache in London would be empowered to enter into negotiations with the British Admiralty Staff, after he had been given instructions in St. Petersburg, for even repeated journeys on the part of the Naval Attache would in no wise arouse public attention, whereas the arrival of more prominent Russian naval officers in London would surely become known and might lead to undesirable comments.

(De Siebert)

XXIV

BENCKENDORFF TO SAZONOV, MAY 18, 1914

Upon my return to London from Paris, Cambon informed me that Grey had confirmed to him what he had told Poincaré and Doumergue in his own name. Grey added that since his return the Cabinet had met daily, because of the difficulties in Ireland and the budget, so that he had not yet found it possible to take up with his colleagues the important questions of the day, which referred to foreign affairs and the Paris conversations. He had been obliged to postpone these questions for eight or ten days. Grey, however, had reported to Asquith on his journey. Without binding the Cabinet for the present, Asquith had answered that he saw no insurmountable difficulties against carrying out the plan proposed in Paris. Since then Asquith has repeated this to Cambon himself. The latter has been able to establish the fact that the Prime Minister is very favorably disposed to plans of that kind. These refer, consequently, to eventual military conventions between Russia and England analogous to those which exist between France and England. The latter would be communicated to us in confidence, whereupon the Russian Government would have to make analogous proposals to the British Government, which, according to the nature of things, would refer more to the navy than to the army.

It is not to be assumed that all members of the Cabinet will give their sanction to this beforehand and without opposition. Nevertheless, the firm determination of the real leaders of the Cabinet will carry the day, as I do not doubt in the least, and then the real negotiations may begin.

After the results which have just been described will have been achieved we, as I believe, will have attained the main object in view, namely, to substitute for the hitherto far too theoretical and peaceable basic idea of the Entente something more tangible. My sojourn in Paris, and the spectacle which I there witnessed, have anew substantiated my opinion that an alliance of any other form of public agreement is impossible, and that even if the British Government should permit itself to agree to this the results would be quite different from those expected. The reception which was accorded the King and Queen was no doubt an extraordinarily hearty one, much heartier, I was told there, than was the case with former English visits. If, in spite of this, the impossibility of concluding a formal alliance between England and France has been recognized, then this will, in a still greater degree, be the case between Russia and England.

I doubt whether a more powerful guaranty for common military operations could be found in the event of war than this spirit of the Entente, reinforced by existent military conventions. If we review the various phases of the Entente it cannot be denied that England has never hesitated in threatening moments to place herself on the side of France; the same holds good for Russia on every occasion on which English and Russian interests were simultaneously affected, and this, despite the difficulty of reconciling the policies of both countries in questions that arise day after day, and despite those reasons which it would lead too far to discuss here but which explain clearly why the entente between Russia and England has not

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taken root so deeply as that between France and England.

The reason for this is to be sought in the fact that even a most careful but public alliance would meet with strong and undisguised opposition in England, not only on the part of the Liberal Party, and that a great part of the political effect intended would be frustrated by it. I believe that under such circumstances an alliance would not be worth much. It would merely in a very slight degree increase the guaranties which are offered to France and Russia by England, and it would offer a far more fertile soil for agitation in favor of Germany, something upon which Germany places more weight than ever.

(*De Siebert*)

XXV

BENCKENDORFF TO SAZONOV, MAY 23, 1914

Sir Edward yesterday requested that Cambon and I call upon him. As my French colleague had already informed me, the Secretary of State confirmed to me the fact that the English Ministerial Council had approved of the answer which he had given to Doumergue in Paris in his own name after the French Minister had spoken of the relations between Russia and England and had indicated how useful, under certain contingencies, previous military conventions between the governments would prove. The first step considered was to communicate to the Russian Government, on the part of France and England, the two confidential and secret documents which had been exchanged between the French and British governments in 1912. Sir Edward laid special stress upon the point that the text of these documents showed that no alliance was concluded between the two Powers. They fulfilled the purpose rather of putting the substance of the military agreements in the proper light, agreements which had been entered into between the army and navy authorities in the eventuality that it should become necessary for the British and French naval and land forces to cooperate actively.

Sir Edward emphasized the fact that without some such previous agreement an immediate cooperation, even with the best of wills and in spite of the close political entente between both governments, would encounter serious technical difficulties.

He added that England had no objections to an agreement, in the same spirit as expressed in the correspondence between Cambon and himself being entered into and concluded between the Russian and the English staffs of admiralty. In a convention of this kind he saw the same practical advantages which result from the convention with France. He told us that he was thinking of a naval convention because this, in view of the circumstances, was the most suitable, and because he was, moreover, disposed to believe that this would also be in accordance with the wishes of the Imperial Government.

Hereupon Sir Edward Grey gave me a copy of the document which he had handed to the French Ambassador on November 22, 1912, and Cambon on his part gave me on the authority of his Government a copy of the reply directed to Sir Edward Grey on the following day [a paraphrase of Sir Edward's letter].

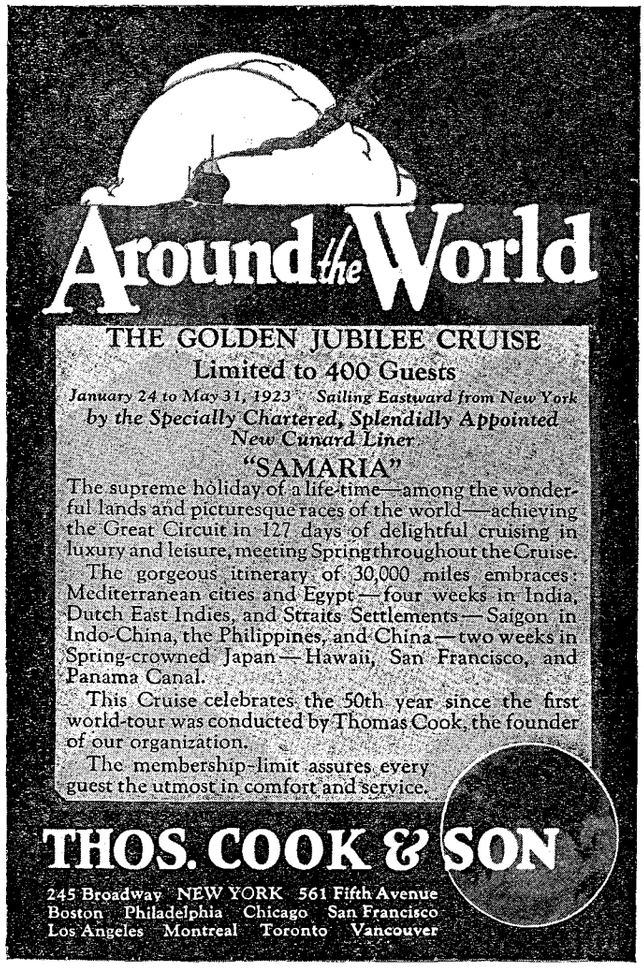
(*De Siebert*)

XXVI

SIR EDWARD GREY TO M. PAUL CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT LONDON, NOVEMBER 22, 1912

From time to time in recent years the French and British naval and military experts have consulted together. It has always been understood that such consultation does not restrict the freedom of either government to decide at any future time whether or not to assist the other by armed force. We have agreed that consultation between experts is not and ought not to be regarded as an engagement that commits either government to action in a contingency that has not arisen and may never arise. The disposition, for instance, of the French and British fleets respectively at the present moment is not based upon an engagement to cooperate in war.

You have, however, pointed out that, if either government had grave reasons to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, it might become essential to know whether it could in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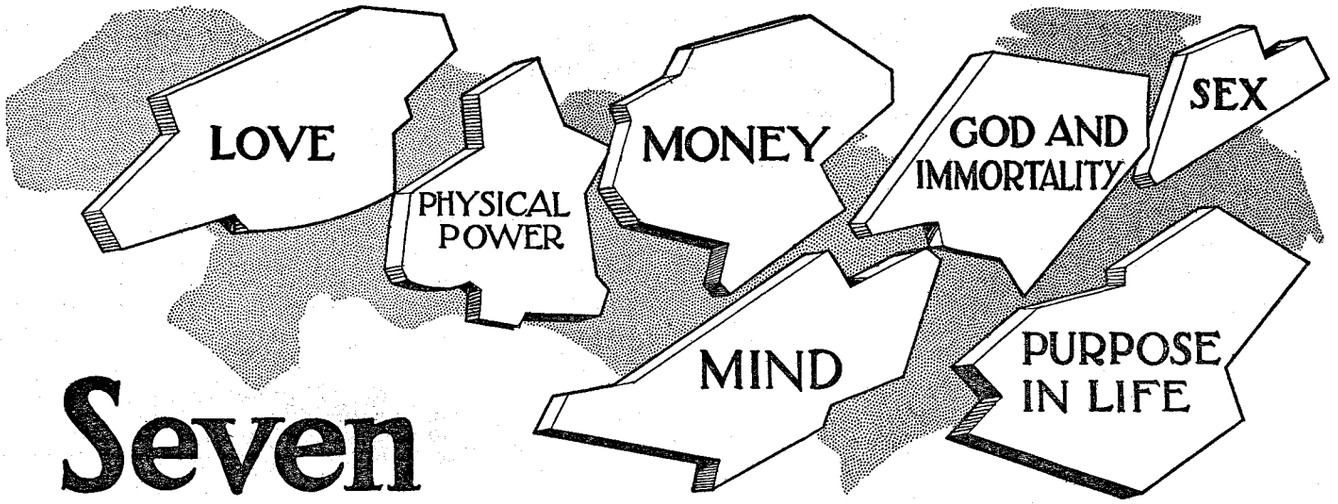

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that event depend upon the armed assistance of the other. I agree that if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both governments should act together to prevent aggression and to preserve peace, and if so what measures they would be prepared to take in common. If these measures involved action the plans of the general staffs would at once be taken into consideration and the governments could then decide what effect should be given to them. (*English White Book*)

XXVII

ORIGINAL AND REVISED TEXTS OF DOCUMENT 117 OF THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK.

M. Mathias Morhardt, of the French League of the Rights of Man, recently received from M. Philippe Berthelot, director-general of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a copy of the dispatch from M. Viviani, French prime minister, to M. Paleologue, French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, dated July 31, 1914, which is printed as No. 117 in the French Yellow Book issued at the beginning of the war. M. Morhardt noticed that his copy differed from the text ir the Yellow Book. It is interesting to compare the complete with the amended version. If so relatively unimportant a note as this was so elaborately edited, what happened to more important dispatches? In the following text the portions omittted in the Yellow Book are printed in italics; a word added in the Yellow Book is printed within square brackets:

The German Government, *affirming that the Russian Government has ordered a complete mobilization of its land and sea forces*, decided at noon to take all the [military] steps involved in what is called the state of threatened war. Baron von Schoen in concluding asked me in the name of his Government what would be the attitude of France in case of a conflict between Germany and Russia; *I did not reply.* I beg you immediately to inform M. Sazonov of the preceding, *and to inform me at once about the reality of the alleged general mobilization in Russia.* (*l'Humanité*, January 25, 1922)

XXVIII

VON TSCHIRSHKY, GERMAN AMBASSADOR AT VIENNA, TO BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, JULY 22, 1914

Secret! Have discussed in detail with Count Forgách the necessity of influencing the foreign press. As far as Italy is concerned, Herr von Mérey is authorized to make use of any sum of money that he deems necessary. The ambassador persists in his opinion that it would be extremely dangerous now suddenly to flood the Italian press with large amounts of money. That would, as he believes, create great distrust there and perhaps have the contrary effect. But it has again been suggested to him to make attempts to influence the press there, and at least after the step has been taken at Belgrade to use every and all means so that the leading papers will not make impossible the neutral position of the Italian Government desired by us.

Count Czernin at Bukarest has likewise unlimited funds at his disposal. He is to try especially to buy the *Adeverul*. Count Szápáry has also the same authorization. But he has little connection with the press there and Austria would be especially thankful if Count Pourtalés could help him in the securing of agents. In England nothing can be done with money. There it would be necessary to attempt to bring influence to bear by matter-of-fact discussions. Count Mensdorff already has got in touch with Mr. Steed of the *Times*, who, unfortunately, after moments of better insight, seems to have fallen back into his Austrophobia. But in the near future articles are to appear in the English papers by Professor Lammasch, Professor Redlich, and Count v. Luetzow. (*Kautsky Documents*)

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Fall Book Supplement

W. H. Hudson

By MARK VAN DOREN

WEIGHED in the ultimate scales with Mr. Hudson, Lord Northcliffe was a light and obscure person, although the commotion over his death quite deafened England and America to the fact that Mr. Hudson too had died. The news took its time and arrived here in a letter, which after all is not unfitting for a writer who was so reticent as never to have made public the year of his birth, and whose genius was so quiet that a hundred years will be required to impress upon many people that he ever lived.

Anything more interesting than a biography of Mr. Hudson would be hard to conceive, and certainly one should be attempted; yet doubtless little will be found to put in it that the subject himself did not set down somewhere. For his two dozen books are his autobiography, each one written from the necessity that only an artist knows—"not," as he once declared of a projected book on serpents, "the work of one who must write a book about something, but a work on a subject which had long had a peculiar fascination for the author, which for years had cried to be written, and finally had to be written." Hudson wrote like that, first as a boy entering what he saw in notebooks, and only as a man in what he called his "middle years" commencing author of classic volumes. "Far Away and Long Ago," his only explicit autobiography, is one of the loveliest books of its kind in the world; but the other books that deal with his twofold home of England and Argentina belong equally in the kind.

Persons commissioned to write about Hudson are throwing up their hands and saying there is nothing to say about so perfect a writer. But there is much to say. It is desirable, for instance, to deny the assumption of many that he had never read—that he wrote as the grass grows. Grass needs the ground as well as the sun; Hudson knew books no less than the sky. He made few pretensions to literature, yet he was better acquainted with poetry than many professors—witness the passage on Chaucer in a recent *Century*—and he was widely learned in the permanent legends of man. Tolstoi was his favorite, but the reader never feels a lack in Hudson of acquired kinship with fine imaginations everywhere. And he really had mastered the thousands of works on animals that he despised as dry.

The impressive thing about Hudson as writer and observer was his power of concentration. All good writers have this power, and certainly all good nature-writers have it, but in Hudson it was peculiarly constant. As he had never to work himself up, so he had never to let himself down. From the day when as a boy on the pampas he realized the delightful yet fearful quality of his absorption in running water and the smell of birds, stretches of level country and certain trees—from that first day to the last, when as a tall old man he walked in England, avid after answers that his tenacious intelligence was not to have time to extract from nature, he sustained a unique spirit, wilder than Wiltshire and tamer than South America, intense as the soul of a bird yet calm like the empty sky.

He enjoyed emphasizing the primitive character of his mind, "which, like that of the inferior animals, is a polished mirror, undimmed by speculation, in which the extraneous world is vividly reflected." William James became aware in Hudson of "the intense interest that life can assume when brought down to the non-thinking level, the level of pure sensorial perception." The ordinary problems of philosophy seem indeed mere vapors in the skull when cut across by Hudson's whetted senses. The "strange rushes and bursts of feeling" which overwhelmed him in his adolescence, the miracle of memory by which as an old man in London he suddenly saw every detail of his long-gone life in South America as clearly as if he viewed it from a neighboring hill, the illusions of flying above earth that he often was blessed with—these indeed point to a set of faculties foreign to civilization. His uncanny adaptiveness to any wide place, his ability to take for his parish of Selborne all Downland, all Cornwall, all Hampshire, all the two hundred thousand square miles of the pampas, to take them as profoundly as Thoreau took Walden, and to be so much at home there that nature remained natural in his presence, her trees, her birds, her peasants, her dogs, her sheep disposed to hide nothing from him—that surely was the part of no average man. But whether it was the part of a primitive man is another question. It is not at all fantastic to claim for Hudson a degree of civilization centuries in advance of the average. There was nothing of the sport in the faultless faculties behind that gaze. The fact of there being no personality in the vulgar sense throughout his writings may mean not so much that he was too archaic to be individual as that he was too finely disciplined ever to obtrude a self.

He is a selfless writer in the sense that he is absolutely clear, and this clearness is tantalizing. One would like to know the secret of it. More, certainly, than language is involved, though the language is important. It was not for nothing that he was born in Spanish America, that he breathed a Latin grace from the first. But he breathed plain English, too. Whatever advantage can be derived from a double tongue he derived long years before he began to write. Both eloquence and exactness are his. He can ape the loquacity of a gaucho and he can stride with the severity of a Roman. His words are short, his sentences are simple and straight. Open any volume at any page and the prose starts running like a quail. Examine it, and you will find an almost exotic precision, as if the author had scrupulously translated a precious old document whose felicity for the first time is liberated upon the modern air—bright again, but immortally flavored. Hudson would have liked to be master of Rima's language in "Green Mansions," a bird-language, sweeter and swifter than any of ours; and he was not too far from his desire. He has not the energy of Melville—one of his chosen authors, by the way—but he has his speed; and he is nowhere matched for lightness. Compared with John Burroughs he is one of his own quick birds, poised and feathered, buoyed with the chambers of air unique in the species.

Open any volume, and the chances are that an anecdote is under way. Why cannot everybody tell stories like that? Why cannot everybody fly? One begins by envying Hudson the experiences he had, but then it is remembered that dull men too have had experiences, and one ends by envying him his beautiful genius, the beautiful health of his mind. Animals, most people agree, are endlessly interesting. Here (including men) the animals are, picking their way across

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the pages in perfect life, and the eye has nothing to do but follow. Probably Hudson's felicity at narrative could be explained by someone who could explain his technique in the difficult art of gaining attention. By discipline or by luck he learned to prepare his audience, learned how to sketch the essential elements of a situation and only those, so that when the crucial movement came to be made the eye should be squarely upon it. The delicate balance between preparation and crisis is never destroyed with a word or a gesture plumped out of place.

Finish any volume and run your mind back over the chapters. It will be as if a hand swept a harp, so many and so well-tuned are your memories. Two months ago one would have given a great deal for Hudson's memories. Now twenty-four volumes of them belong to the race.

The Use of Museums

By JOHN COTTON DANA

OUR art museums do not teach us to recognize good art and to like it; they do not help to improve the design of our manufactured products; they do not encourage such of our people as are born with talent or genius for drawing, painting, and designing to give their lives to the development and training of that talent or genius.

Let me hasten to say that art museums do encourage the collection and preservation of valuable objects; and that the objects they collect will some day probably be of definite aesthetic influence.

A recent magazine article written by a worker in and a special pleader for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York says very truly that we are in error when we set apart fine arts and applied; that in fact both are noble. He adds, not quite so truly, that machine-production of applied art objects has, in the minds of the critical, in some degree degraded applied arts. Then he says, truly, that we can ennoble the applied arts once again by the slow processes of education in taste, with accompanying production of such designers as will teach our machines to produce applied art objects which are in fact of the fine art brotherhood.

It is his next step which parts him from me, and I even dare say, from common sense; for he goes on to a description of the influence of art-museum collections on design, and arrives at the opinion, which is, I must confess, rather cryptically expressed, that only in the objects of a museum of art like the Metropolitan can designs be found which, being made the bases of designs for machine-made goods, can cause our machines to produce applied art objects that are veritably in the fine-art field.

Do I make clear the essential point in the Metropolitan's claim? It is that no design is good unless it is based upon study of old designs which are themselves good, and that good old designs which will alone lead the student to the making of good new ones, are found almost solely in art museums, and notably in the Metropolitan. To put it more bluntly: The Metropolitan management, if one may judge of its opinions from the essay alluded to and from other written expressions by the same official, seems to hold that the only real, true, and holy art is found in the objects it has gathered; that it is conferring a blessing on manufacturers in permitting their designers to visit the Metropolitan and there draw real art motives from its treasures; and that it is this studying and copying and adapting of designs found in its objects by agents from a few of our tens of thousands of factories that is leading to improvement in our applied art products.

These assumptions ignore the facts of manufacture and trade. To name only one group of these facts, our own department stores alone sell thousands of millions of dollars worth of goods each year. These goods are "objects," the vast majority of which are "designed" to be attractive. Whence comes the "motives" for all these thousands of designs? From other objects and from suggestions in books and journals, of course; all being somewhat affected by the ideas in the heads of buyers for big corporations, of sellers, of the general buying public, and of the foremen, owners, and hired designers in mills. What is the motive power behind all the millions of choices made by millions of our fellows, of shape, pattern, design, color, and what not in the objects they buy? The taste of the buying public, of course.

Every maker of things in this country, and every buyer for big stores, and every salesman of things made, never forgets for a moment that the goods they produce or buy or sell depend for their success in the market on their fitting the choice or taste of that market. And that market is the people of these United States. Every day into thousands of planning and forecasting minds, comes the question: "What shall we do to our products to make them more alluring to our market? We must, of course, simplify our tools, produce goods at less cost, transport them more easily and more cheaply; but, and this is of chief importance, we must also make them more 'tasty'; that is, we must fit them more closely to the likes, the wishes, the opinions of our buying public."

And what is the chief factor in the formation of the taste of the buying public? It is fashion, convention, what "they say," of course. And how is this fashion modified, for modified it is every day and hour and notably every year? By the goods themselves, which the public sees disposed before their eyes in shops, in pictured advertisements, including fashion papers, and set forth in millions of journals and daily papers every year, and by other factors too numerous to mention here, of which the study of rare and costly objects in museums of art is so slight as to be entirely negligible.

Every year the buying public of this country learns more of the ways of the world. In movies, in illustrated advertisements, in picture journals, and by travel in trains and motors, in walks by shop windows and in daily conversations, this buying public acquires a wider and fuller knowledge of what the world has produced for its pleasure and for the adornment of life. Every year this buying public brings to its judgment of what is new in the design of things offered to it for selection a fuller background of observation and experience; and every year, if increase of knowledge does in truth modify favorably, as we all assume it does, the fine art of choice, the buying public selects, on the whole, things that are a little finer than were those they selected the year before. Hence good design finds more often an appreciative observer; and hence design in the products of American mills improves.

The current assumption of those who think the objects in museums of art are powerful factors in improving public taste, ignores the mighty flood of impulse for better

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things which pours daily through the nation-wide process of selection just outlined. That assumption bases itself on the facts that in museums of art are objects which, having been approved by the few who are expert in such matters, are working wonders in the improvement of public taste.

In passing we do well to remind ourselves that the expert few are lamentably prone to think knowledge of things ancient is synonomous with a heaven-born sensibility to their beauty, and are inevitably touched by that affection for the old, the rare, and the costly which belongs of right only to the archaeologist, the ethnologist, the scientist, the historian, and the wealthy amateur.

The man who has much faith in art museums may even go so far as to assert that better design can come forth and win recognition in a country such as is our own today, only by and through the processes of persuading all producers to base the designs of their products on the designs of the past; and to assert, further, that as the best designs of the past are found only in the objects in his museum, it is only by a careful adherence in design today to the motives found in the objects in his museum that any progress toward making fine art of our applied art products be secured.

It may be true that most designing has a fairly well-defined history; that it passed on from Egypt, Crete, Assyria, and Persia to Greece, and to Rome and to the Renaissance, and even to the Gothic. It may be true that he designs best who knows the most of what has been well esteemed in design prior to his day. Design has passed from hand to hand, it is true; but whence the new touches therein? Why did it widen its range? When did it pass from temple column and sacrificial knife to ship's prow and water container? Surely all design for all things did not come forth complete as one grand gift of the thoughts and passions of one man of genius. To it ten thousand times ten thousand originating brains added here a new thing and there another and another, up to millions of motifs, plans, arrangements, colors, outlines, and masses. Did China bend the knee of copyist and modifier to the products of Egypt and Assyria and Greece that it might produce its millions of alluring objects? Did Japan add nothing fundamental to the lessons learned of Corea and China? Where did the Maori of New Zealand get the laws and principles of historic ornament in obedience to which he wrought his decorations? And the same query jumps to the mind as one considers the Maya temples of Yucatan, and the textiles of the Peruvian graves, and the potteries and basketry of our Indians. And to come to a homely query born of our times and our own products: "If the International Harvester Company wishes to beautify by colored paints the marvelous mechanism which, in marching across a field of wheat, reaps and threshes and cleans and bags and ties and drops the ripened grain, where, in the history of design, will it get the motives, tried and true and infallible, which, being duly used as a guide, will disclose the ornamentation divinely appointed for an American Harvester of 1922?"

In this country there are born each year, one may safely assume, as many persons in each ten thousand who are by nature capable of adding somewhat to the joy of life by giving a new and welcome touch of difference to objects of daily use, as were ever born among any people in any age. But we are heirs of all past ages and borrowers from all other people to greater degree than was ever any people before. At first we brought all our "art" from other countries. When we learned to make things we borrowed the art of decorating them. Then riches came, and inevitably those who had them used them to bring here those veritable objects of art, approved by experts, which gave distinction to their owners. Then came the rich endowed museums, in which things other than the old and rare and costly are anathema. And soon the keepers of these objects, which time had hallowed and the student had sanctified and the price had made to speak with tongues—these keepers said: "By the study of our objects you get the secret of beauty, and only by and through that study can you learn how to give to the products of your mills the gift of that beauty." And thereby they did all that they could, though fortunately little, to suppress the creative and designing mind, and art did not here flourish, because art does not thrive except in freedom of restraint and can not thrive unless it is encouraged by patronage.

But fortunately the museum is but a tiny thing in the midst of our vast movement of production and consumption; while in and by that movement is growing steadily a skill in choice backed by wider and fuller knowledge; which is but another way of saying that our taste is improving.

In the hope that I may make a little clearer the special point of my criticism, I add three things. First, this: As a nation we ignore our own artistic powers, not entirely but greatly. Being inheritors of all that artists have ever done, we are not interested in producing artists ourselves. For example, one of our skillful potters makes beautiful china; but to sell it he must refuse credit for himself, his designers, and his artisans and permit it to be marketed as "French Ware." A silk manufacturer does the same, and we may easily believe, thousands of others do like things in some degree. In the mere matter of production the resulting evil here is slight; but in the field of artistry, in the matter of giving our designers and craftsmen a fair chance, it is serious in the extreme. It betokens a sad state of mind; a state of mind which the museum that devotes its collecting powers almost solely to things produced in other lands, and to products of native talent not at all, does its utmost to make permanent and universal.

Second, this: That nearly all talk of art, as it comes out in the public press and is exuded from museum experts, is first and foremost about oil paintings and next of things rare, old, and costly. Now taste is something to be bettered by exercise. The general feeling is that taste may be exercised only in the presence of real art. But if taste is to be bettered for our general aesthetic welfare, the average citizen must be helped to realize that taste is not a rare and recondite thing, to be brought forth and used only when he enters a gallery of paintings or a museum of art; but is merely a certain aspect of the process of choosing which he constantly practices. He should be led to see and to feel that he is dealing in "art" matters, is exercising aesthetic emotions, is learning to be a "critic of art," is strengthening his "taste," just as much as when he selects a cravat or a table cover or a rug or a chair as when he goes to a museum and looks at rare, curious, costly, and confessedly beautiful things. Having thus come to realize that art concerns him daily and almost hourly, he will see how remote from daily life is most art talk; how near to daily life is design; how important in daily life is the born designer; and he will transfer to the designer of good umbrella handles

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some of the veneration and worship which he has been accustomed to give only to oil paintings and rare, old, and costly objects.

Third, this: Two mental movements, by some called habits, are of great social importance: one, imitation, which fits the average child to his social environment, giving him the politics, morals, and religion of his fathers, all to be held pertinaciously through life though backed by no reasons why; the other, curiosity, which leads to inquiry, acceptance or rejection of things, to discovery, invention, adaptation, and design. Imitation leads to copying; curiosity leads to thinking. Imitation is the stronger movement, and usually prevails; and in the guise of conservatism forbids modifications of manners and beliefs. Curiosity and resulting thought, in so far as they may prevail, permit us to pass on. A people which accepts its art from its forebears as a finished thing and forbids all the invention and design that thinking inevitably begets—such a people is purely imitative. It likes to think that the book of design is closed; it puts what has been done in a museum and says to the curious, inquiring, inventive, and designing: "You may come here and borrow ideas; those you may give birth to yourselves are not the children of imitation and should be throttled at birth."

In a land where what has already been done in art is enshrined as the last word, where imitation is encouraged and the product of inquiry is condemned because it is not the child of convention and conservatism, what chance has the artisan, the designer, the artist who are creators—or nothing?

A Good-Bye from the Ship

By WITTER BYNNER

Meetings are only partings, friend.
We might have known
That in the end
Every one goes his way alone. . . .
We shared blue mornings on the sea,
White mountain-moons.
You played for me
On your bamboo-flute the Chinese tunes
That went with wine-cups and the song
Chrysanthemum sang,
Ten stanzas long,
When she laughed with us in Chinkiang.
Pure were the poems you explained
On Canton walls
The day it rained;
And always now the twilight falls
More quietly because you said:
"This is the hour
When griefs are shed
As light as petals from a flower."
These things and other things are mine
To bless you for.
We send a sign
Of goodwill, between ship and shore. . . .
Meetings like ours have always shone
Beyond their end—
But we might have known,
Meetings are only partings, friend.

Monte Maiella

By PASCAL D'ANGELO

The mountain in a prayer of questioning heights gazes upward at the dumb heavens,
And its inner anger is forever bursting forth
In twisting torrents.

Like little drops of dew trickling along the crevices
Of this giant questioner
I and my goats were returning toward the town below.

But my thoughts were of a little glen where wild roses grow
And cool springs bubble up into blue pools.
And the mountain was insisting for an answer from the still heaven.

Short Story in Sonnet Form

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Loud chatter in a thousand minor lines
Was your religion, and your art was pain
Disguised by phrases of verbose disdain.
You married an old man who gave you wines
Lukewarm and pink, until your tipsy youth,
Grown weary of evading sensual lies,
Ran to an imbecile Pierrot whose cries
Created that delusion known as truth.
The ache of your sincerity betrayed
His awkward falseness and he turned away,
Grinning until your bullet found his head.
Then people claimed that you had merely paid
Insanely for a tritely sordid play.
Your lyric could not answer—it was dead.

Nymph

By ANN HAMILTON

I am in a lost land
  Across a lost sea
Where only the wind's hand
  Can come and touch me.

I am in a charmed place
  Where I may lie
And watch the young moon's face
  Lift to the sky,

And dance where the tide flings
  Sea-shell and froth,
Free as the white wings
  Of a wild moth.

Why try discover
  Where I am going?
I am the lover
  Of every wind blowing.

Where I have danced or lain
  My only mark
Is the cool breath of rain
  Blown through the dark.

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Books

The Roving Critic

NOW this reason and now that, now good and now bad, have kept me from writing about various books I have read this summer until I find a row of them before me with only a valedictory paper in which to notice them, though more than one deserves more space than it is possible to give. Here, for instance, is Marguerite Wilkinson's naive, pleasant chronicle, "The Dingbat of Arcady" (Macmillan), of the adventures which she and her husband have taken "on singing rivers and blue bays" since the year in which she was thirty and discovered the sun and wind. Whether in a leaky rowboat or in a cranky motor, whether in Oregon or rural New York or in the southwestern counties of England, these travelers were jolly; and the book of their travels is fresh and sweet. And here is Stephen Graham's "Tramping With a Poet in the Rockies" (Appleton), in which one of the best-intentioned of Britons tells how he explored the West with Vachel Lindsay. I suspect that neither the mountains nor the poet of Mr. Graham's version is very accurately rendered, but it has variety and spirit and good humor and not too much mystical doctrine, and it has as well thirty-eight beguiling emblems by Vernon Hill. And here, very conspicuously, is Harry Kemp's very new "Tramping on Life" (Boni and Liveright), which was once announced as a novel to be called "John Gregory," after the name the protagonist bears, but which can never have been intended to be anything less than the "autobiographical narrative" which the subtitle admits it is. Though some of the names of persons and places are moderately disguised, the record is very candid: a record of an Ohio childhood, a fling at sea and various excursions on the smoky trail, a wild, free period of study at the University of Kansas; an eager curiosity about love culminating in a lyric episode of which other aspects are presented in "The Brass Check"; and a passionate immersion in poetry, with "Leaves of Grass" for a bible and Shelley for a pillar of fire and Keats for diurnal manna, ending only with the end of this book and the appearance of Harry Kemp's first published volume. I read "Tramping on Life" with the mounting pleasure with which I read Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" and Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border." Without being greatly touched by the poetry or specially convinced by the philosophy in the story, I was arrested and detained by the sense of vividness of life which it communicates. It is one of the richest of tramp books; it is a solid document on the rebellions and dissents of a generation.

To characterize Heywood Broun's "Pieces of Hate" (Doran) I quote a sentence from his essay on George Jean Nathan: "A man may remain pretty much to himself as long as he chooses to keep his touch light and avoid research." These two things Mr. Broun does in a manner which I find always entertaining no matter how much I may disagree with him as regards particular verdicts. He is himself on every occasion, with an instinct for being cool when he is most personal which proves that he takes his ground without self-consciousness or effort. He has a large gusto for books, for sport, for intelligence, for fun, for human decency, without hard creeds about any of them. He has the courage of his gusto and knows how to write in the easy tone of speech—sometimes rather profoundly, often rather trivially, more often very acutely, and never uninterestingly. I wish the hero of "One Man in His Time" (Doubleday, Page), by Ellen Glasgow, could have had a little more of this instinct for the personal. Instead, he helps to prove that it is difficult for even so intelligent a novelist as Miss Glasgow to make drama out of the career of a politician whose largest passion seems to be that of sticking to the middle of the road, too friendly neither to right nor to left, neither to old nor to new. The course of politics, like the course of life in general, is indeed a compromise; but time effects the compromise, not the actors, who themselves when they are most important are almost sure to be so devoted to one idea or one program that they expect the earth to falter and the heavens to fall if one item of their aspiration goes amiss. Yet if Gideon Vetch, governor of Virginia, does not convince me, the more conservative Virginians of the story do. The melodrama of the plot hurts a charming piece of local color which contains many significant comments upon the mood and temper of the times.

Of the treatises I have read no one has more impressed me by the method of its erudition than "A Short History of Christian Theophagy" (Open Court), by Preserved Smith. Mr. Smith belongs with those rare scholars who carry masses of minute learning lightly and inform them with ideas. If primitive worshipers, he sees, eat their gods, in the form of sacred animals, to absorb some of their strength into themselves, so, symbolically, do Christians when at the communion table they eat what is called the body and drink what is called the blood of the Savior. The symbol is now so remote from the primitive custom and conception out of which it grew that the orthodox not only deny the connection but are outraged by hearing of it; to the historian, however, the connection is clear enough. Without distortion or nagging or exultation Mr. Smith follows the trail of such god-eating in Christian history, venturing into a thousand strange corners and throwing light wherever he goes. William T. Hornaday, in "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals" (Scribner), has a knowledge of his theme comparable to Mr. Smith's, but he cannot be content to keep within the evidence. Is it because he is writing a popular book that he falls into a popular lingo, talking about the "morals" of his beasts and crediting them with human and near-human motives and intellectual processes about which men simply can not know anything until the beasts learn to talk? Possibly, yet I wish Mr. Hornaday had not done it. His records of personal observation are so absorbing in themselves that they deserve to stand alone, without the conjectures and anthropomorphic parallels over which any critical reader is bound to stumble. Havelock Ellis's "Little Essays of Love and Virtue" (Doran) I could hardly call a treatise were it not for the unity which is imparted to these papers by the long, steady, central view which the author takes of human affairs. Here the profoundest student of sex among the English-speaking peoples, and one of the greatest of British scholars, gives himself to informal discussion of certain sexual problems now current: The Meaning of Purity, The Objects of Marriage, The Love-Rights of Women, The Play-Function of Sex, and so on. As always with Mr. Ellis, he knows the taboos which hedge the whole subject about among Anglo-Saxons, and yet he walks no less firmly than quietly, conscious of the enormous background which his historical and psychological studies furnish him and able to bring his great knowledge to bear upon the most temporary controversy. As always with him, too, his style is suave, full, ripe, at times tending to softness and even to rhapsody. Not one of his more momentous books, "Little Essays" is stimulating and valuable.

When I first emerged from a reading of "Gallantry" (McBride) in the new version which, by deft and subtle changes, brings it into the bright middle ground between Poictesme and Lichfield in the charmed circle of James Branch Cabell's imagined universe, I said I thought this the most fascinating of all his books; and I still think so, though I remember the larger "Jurgen" and the racier "Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" and the more even "Domnei" and the more revealing "Cream of the Jest"; but I realize that the special prosperity which the new book has with me comes from the facts that Mr. Cabell's "gallantry" interests me rather more than his "chivalry" and that he seems to me, as I have hinted elsewhere, by giving freer rein to the Marlowe than to the Congreve in him to have done Congreve and himself a little less than justice. He is by temper so intimately at home in the world of the

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second Hanoverian George—that region of peruke and furbelow, of minuet and rapier, of cosmetic and gesture, of decorum and artifice—that he finds it easier to make a reader feel at home there than to make him feel at home in the more remote Poictesme. The ten stories of "Gallantry" are only the record of ten gestures, and the gestures are, most of them, mad and incredible under the eye of reason and sure to be followed by the anti-climaxes by which life levels down heroic gestures; but what gestures! Though they are not life they are magnificent. What Mr. Cabell says of Anastasia and Erwyn fits all his people and analyzes the magic of the lofty moments which he lets them live in the intervals of disappointment and disillusion: "It was, one estimates, their happiest hour. Frivolous and trivial persons you might have called them and have justified the accusation; but even to the fop and the coquette was granted an hour wherein all human happenings seemed to be ordered by supernal wisdom lovingly. Very soon they would forget this hour; meanwhile there was a wonderful sense of dreams come true."

CARL VAN DOREN

An Age of Brass

A History of the United States Since the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. Vol. II. The Macmillan Company. $4.

AT the close of the war Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer submitted to the public the first volume of what is intended to be a history of the later United States in some five volumes. Upon the appearance of that instalment of his work the author received the hearty commendations of scholars everywhere. It was then noted that his method, even the details of his book, indicated a close acceptance of the methods of John Bach McMaster, the historian of an earlier epoch of American history. Of course there is a substantial difficulty in this kind of adoption of the ideal of another, as well as a very high compliment. But in this second volume of Mr. Oberholtzer's work there is a considerable departure from the McMaster style, not to the disadvantage of the reader and student. There are many rather direct and even pointed judgments passed upon men and events, a sharp departure from the manner of McMaster.

The point of view of Mr. Oberholtzer is pretty nearly that of all critical workers in this field of American history: namely, that it was a period in which the country and the people were exploited mercilessly by those "titans of business" of whom so much has been heard ever since. Of course he, with the rest, points out the great service of oil, coal, steel, and lumber barons in the development of the resources of the country; but he also sees clearly the meaning of the rise of a small class of men too powerful to be governed and too self-centered to be permitted to govern the country unobstructed. It is a great, if sad, fact that the terrible war between the States, aimed at the overthrow of the barons of the plantations, who must rule the nation or know the reason why, should have been followed immediately by an industrial feudalism even more powerful than the older slave feudalism. Democracy, cumbersome, broken sharply into sections and race groups, proved unequal to its own protection. This great fact of the helplessness of democracy at the close of the Civil War is not observed by the author of the book in hand, but the evidence of the fact is presented on every page. Mr. Oberholtzer knows who governed the land when Grant was President if he does not choose to say what he knows.

In the first volume of Mr. Oberholtzer's work we had an excellent description of the chaos, the chicane, and the wild ways of business in the sixties. In the present volume there is much more attention given to political history, to the impeachment malaria, the carpet-bag regime of Stevens and the saintly Sumner, to the irresponsibility of Grant, and to the general breakdown of the national morale. The sources of information for the period are in general of the same character as those cited by McMaster, newspapers receiving rather less attention than they formerly received. This is not to imply that the vast documentary material so readily available is not duly assessed and used. One may not justly complain of Mr. Oberholtzer's use of his materials. Nor can one properly complain of the unfavorable portraits he permits the arrangement of the facts to draw of most of the so-called great men of the time. They were in general and almost exclusively people one would not wish to claim as ancestors. Who would like to be called the grandson of Charles Sumner or Speaker Colfax or President Grant or Secretary Stanton, knowing the facts about these historic figures? Of Seward and Chase and Wells and Evarts and a few others history does not speak so harshly; but two even of these were besmirched by the general foulness of the time.

If Mr. Oberholtzer had felt disposed to make his book somewhat more dramatic, he might have shown how the weakness of Grant determined the fate of Johnson, or how the pusillanimous conduct of Stanton brought the nation to one of its lowest descents. The scandals are treated fully enough, but the reason for the wholesale corruption of public men and the apostasy of the Republican party is not given. Here one realizes the inherent weakness of the method of those historians who insist upon the facts, nothing but the facts; for the facts do not tell us why men behaved as they did. And say what one will about von Ranke's dictum, *wie es eigentlich gewesen ist*, the historian must explain.

A curious oversight, not only of the present author but of all others in the field, is the failure to recognize the natural sectional, economic, political, and constitutional bearings of the fight to impeach Johnson. It was not Johnson's wickedness. Sumner would have been more distressed if the President had been a better man. It could not have been a serious question of drunkenness on the part of Johnson, for what odors of whiskey were not wafted about the Senate and House corridors in those days of general whiskey-drinking and tobacco-cudding! The meaning of the struggle was bitter sectional hatred, economic interest, and party safety. If Johnson had remained leader and master of the dominant party, carrying out the policy of Lincoln, the South, defeated, would have reentered the Union politically stronger than when she left the Union in 1861. She would be strong enough, with her natural allies in the Middle West and the added representation due to counting all the negroes for representation (before 1861 only three-fifths of the slaves had been counted for purposes of representation), to defeat the East in national affairs. And the West was so hostile to New England in 1866 that nothing less than the exercise of sheer power could prevent Western members of Congress from voting with the now solid South. Sumner and Stevens would rather have seen the Union disrupted than have seen the South govern the country. That was one of the great causes that corrupted men. Truth and the national promises of Grant and Sherman to the people of the South, in the name of Lincoln, amounted to nothing in the face of such a situation.

The tariff was one of the causes of the Civil War. During the struggle, especially at its critical moments, the beneficiaries of the national tariff held up the people of the country almost without let or hindrance. They simply took what they wanted. The Western farmers, for the moment exporting great quantities of wheat at high prices, made no outcry. But in 1866 wheat was falling. Europe produced a great crop of her own. The West had resisted the tariff of 1864 strenuously and had exacted an understanding that it was to be only an emergency law. At the end of the war the East violated this agreement and demanded her tariff privileges, privileges coerced in time of war. Between the East and the West in 1866-1876 the economic war was bitter and the reason was clear and obvious. The tariffs of 1864, 1866, and 1868 could never have been exacted from Congress if the South had been permitted to vote. Thus a second great cause of the impeachment of Johnson: Johnson had reconstructed the Union on the basis of Lincoln's

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agreement at the end of the war. Sumner and Stevens and the rest would sooner have disrupted the Union than have permitted an unrepentant South to destroy their tariff and the "prosperity" based upon it.

Finally, the Republican party could not have elected Grant if Johnson had succeeded in restoring all the Southern States in 1866; and to most Republicans in 1866 the Republican party was the country. It was, to be sure, no longer the party Lincoln had led. Lincoln was the most feared and hated man in the party at the time of his death. If Grant alone, with his influence and prestige, had remained true to the party of his life-long allegiance; if Grant had not shown a surprising complacency toward the marplots of Congress, the Republican party of Sumner and Stevens would probably never have held the sway it did hold during the long forty years of 1866 to 1906.

These are reasons for conduct and events. I think they are among the most important subjects a historian can discuss; to understand the epoch one must understand the forces which moved men during the epoch. Of equal importance to Mr. Oberholtzer's narrative is a discussion of the constitutional bearings of the impeachment. It was a gigantic effort, for party and sectional reasons to be sure, to change the practical workings of the Constitution. If Sumner and Stevens had had their way, a majority of Congress would have controlled the executive. Having removed a President for political causes; having intimidated the Supreme Court in the process and having declared that the will of Congress was the will of the country, as it apparently was, the leaders of the two houses would certainly have been vastly more important than they now are. The struggle resembled very strongly the struggle of English Parliaments with the kings of England, for the supremacy of Congress in 1866 would have produced much the same sort of result that the supremacy of Parliament produced in the contest with Charles I. It would have been a democratic victory, for the President, right and honorable as he was in all he did, represented the old constitutional procedure of a balanced national government that could not easily do anything, the kind of government we now have when nobody does anything effectively.

Thus a great change in the method of government was involved in the sectional, economic, and party conflict that we usually call by the name of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. If Congress had won, the people would have been far more directly responsible and powerful. And both Congress and the people, as the case was worked up, were wrong. They would have disgraced and removed an able and honest President without moral or constitutional cause. They would have wrought a great wrong, but they would have made the government more democratic and the people more effective. But the President, who was right, won. Sumner and Stevens, who were wrong, were beaten, and history has shown the mean and selfish, even the cruel and vindictive, motives upon which they acted. And the country, although most men do not understand Johnson, took a backward course. For the discrediting of Congress was the discrediting of democracy; and the greater the wrong that was sought, the more men adhere to the system of deadlock in government, in order, they think, to avoid popular blunders. The people have come to think some way will be found by someone to avoid the catastrophes due to stupid voting. In fact, men deliberately vote for men they do not believe in because they know nothing can be done or because they rely on the President to undo the wrongs that foolish majorities in Congress knowingly commit.

It may seem a rather severe judgment to pass upon a good work to say that its omissions, although in harmony with the omissions of most other writers, are its chief if not only condemnation. Again it comes back to the business of the historian. A full statement of the case, pro and con, of Reconstruction, of tariff battles, of the national debt, and of sectional animosities is given in the facts presented in this volume. But they do not make the reader aware of motives, of reasons for amazing conduct, of immorality in government beyond anything ever known in American history. And the future is going, in the judgment of the reviewer at least, to ask why more insistently than the past has been accustomed to ask. If historians adhere to the methods of their predecessors, then so much the worse for historians. It is not enough to write *wie es eigentlich gewesen ist.* But we must not fail to thank Mr. Oberholtzer for his great industry in bringing together so many important facts, for the apparent good faith shown on every page. Nor should one forget to pay tribute to the publisher for the form and quiet dignity of the work. Not one error of printer or proof-reader has been observed.

WILLIAM E. DODD

Italy's Terrible Infant

Four and Twenty Minds. By Giovanni Papini. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.

FROM a painter who had met the Italian poet and critic in Florence I first had a word-picture of Giovanni Papini. "He is," said my friend, "dazzlingly ugly; wide-mouthed with jutting unsymmetrical teeth; his complexion is sallow and blood-drained; he is long-shanked, with ungainly limbs; his eyes, slightly myopic, dart a baleful greenish fire when he is talking animatedly; his bulging forehead is topped by rumpled hair. On first approach his manner strikes one as surly, but as acquaintance grows the quick core of essential humanity comes to the front, and one feels that he writes, as poets often have written, from a sort of divine indignation."

Giovanni Papini should hold a special lure for Americans if only for the reason that, as he confesses: "I, a Tuscan, an Italian, a hater, learned the meaning of poetry not through Virgil or through Dante, much less through the casuist Petrarch or the mosaicist Tasso, poets de luxe, and therefore men of letters rather than poets, but through the puerile enumerations and the long passionate invocations of the good reaper of 'Leaves of Grass.'"

Although Papini is by temperament an out-and-out swashbuckler whose lashings have earned for him the report of *enfant terrible* of contemporary Italian literature, he has none the less written tenderly and sympathetically not only of Walt Whitman, his favorite poet, but also of Poe and William James. In the present volume, which is a sheaf of papers gathered from three separate books, "24 Cervelli," "Stroncature," and "Testimonianza," we find Papini handling with unwonted affection and fellow-feeling such figures as Leonardo Da Vinci, Bishop Berkeley, Swift, Remy de Gourmont, Cervantes, and Kwang-Tze, whom he salutes as his spiritual kinsmen. Elsewhere, as I have said, he has dealt kindly with Poe (one wishes that the essay were included in the present volume) and also with Carlyle. Now the guarded reader of Papini will be moved to ask: "By what magic are these contrary spirits made to dwell together at ease in Papini's admiration?" The answer, I think, lies in the fact that he will not allow himself to be stabbed to an ontologist's label; he consciously persists in cutting the figure of a literary paradox.

Papini is at all times arresting; more, he goads to fresh thought and feeling; and because of this one is prone to blink his flibbertigibbet dodges. He dives headlong into all systems of thought in order to soak up their essence. He turns proselyte, it would seem, in order to make himself, later on, the more adept as an adversary. Thus he has flirted with Tolstoian Christianity, Positivism, Socialism, Futurism, and he has also espoused the antitheses of all these things. Only lately, having been a fierce heretic for a long time, he turned his hand to writing a reverential life of Christ which has been warmly received by the Church itself.

The secret of Papini's multifarious personality is fairly blurted out in his autobiographical novel, "The Played-Out

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Man," which is viewed in Italy as his masterpiece. The secret is simply this: he is fustian-tongued, full of brag and bluster as a counterpoise to his innate human warmth and kindliness. He has curving horns, perhaps, but they are the horns of a satyr, for he is, after all, no devil's child.

Papini's most characteristic weapon is vitriolic assault, though he can be finely surgical. In the three books mentioned above, from which Ernest Hatch Wilkins has condensed the present volume, he has launched vehement attacks on Spencer, Hegel, Croce, Calderon, and even Shakespeare. His unmasking of Maeterlinck is not only a jolly performance well worth the money, but a masterly piece of critical writing. He likens Maeterlinck to a solemn man with a black cat in a dark room who rubs the cat's fur the wrong way, "singing a nonsense song *sotto voce*." In his chapter on Benedetto Croce and that on Hegel he takes the offensive against "pure concept" and mordantly harries the foremost Italian thinker of the day. In the present selection one finds Papini often subacid but far from the scurrilous as in several of the papers in "Stroncature," especially the one on Bergson and Croce, written in bad French. He reproaches both for being causeurs, for having a too-ready audience for their writings, for betraying a pretty, fetching literary talent. "Croce," he says, "ressemble à un de ces avocats napolitains grassouillets et souriants qu'on rencontre toujours dans les cafés de Rome." This is, obviously, not criticism but a piece of bad taste.

The flaw in Papini's gravamen against Croce's philosophy lies in his mistaking a method for a system. He laughs at the string of identities in Croce's aesthetics because, he says, they are merely a quest for pseudonyms for the word "art" and render nugatory all thinking, for "thinking lies in diversity." The latter part of this statement may be granted. But Papini misses the point that in his "History" and Aesthetics" Croce had first to do what Remy de Gourmont did, namely, to force a wedge between falsely-paired ideas inhabiting tradition-bound thought and speech. Like Gourmont and Nietszche, Croce is at bottom a philologist, and his identities (such as, for example, that history and philosophy are one—history being but a re-thinking of the past) were arrived at by the process of dissociation. Naturally, Papini being in essence an *intuitif* and Croce a methodologist, the two men fail to understand each other.

Withal, Papini looms as a figure that must be reckoned with. He cannot be summarily dismissed as a charlatan. He capers a bit, to be sure; he slashes, often wildly; his mercurial inconstancy may nettle or jar or merely baffle us; but he is a salty leaven, much needed in modern life and letters.

PIERRE LOVING

Lord Bryce and Economics

International Relations. By James Bryce. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Russia's Foreign Relations During the Last Half Century. By Sergius A. Korff. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Near Eastern Affairs and Conditions. By Stephen Panaretoff. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

LORD BRYCE'S collection of lectures upon "International Relations" delivered at Williams College have the sorrowful significance of a last political will and testament. He could have bequeathed no more serviceable legacy to the survivors of his generation than this luminous and variously informed survey of the dangerous situation in which the Bad Peace has left our world. It contains in plain language and in small compass a diagnosis of the various diseases in the larger body politic and a commentary upon the proposed remedies. Perhaps the most crucial chapter is that treating The Causes of War, though here we have what many readers will hold to be the chief defect of Lord Bryce's politics, his failure to give sufficient importance to the economic factor in the causation and direction of international relations. It is true that we have an interesting chapter upon The Influence of Commerce, ending on the note that the less governments interfere the better. But in a characteristic inventory of the chief causes of modern wars the territorial lust of imperialism comes first, and commercial or financial interests rank fourth, with the explanation: "These do not so often directly cause a resort to arms, but they create ill feeling and distrust which make any passing incident sufficient to evoke complaints or threats." Now this appears to me to misrepresent the dominant part played by economic, and particularly financial, pressures in the conduct of foreign policy. While lust for territory (*kilométritis*), religious hates, and private injuries and insults figure so largely as material for popular indignation, and often yield the largest volume of war feeling, the stimulation and utilization of these passions are as a rule in the hands of small groups of business men who know what they want and how to get it. The statecraft and the wide political experience in which Lord Bryce was immersed during his long and arduous career were always controlled by the Gladstonian liberal tradition, in which disinterested politics and formal internationalism occupied the foreground and economic forces were treated as secondary and incidental. Lord Bryce's practical experience and his reflective mind were, of course, continually bringing him face to face with plain instances of the economic factor. He clearly recognizes, for instance, the sharp distinctions between lending and borrowing countries in its reaction upon policy. Nevertheless, from his full and in most respects convincing picture of the terrible mess in which the peacemakers of Paris plunged Europe, he omits all consideration of the crucial factors of the German indemnity and the inter-allied indebtedness.

In tracing the specific causes of the Great War he gives a prominence, perhaps excessive, to the element of fear, France's fear of Germany, Germany's fear of Russia. This fear, however real and strong, is usually a defensive cover for aggression and revenge. The defense of the Franco-Russian alliance, on the ground that France "after the war-scare of 1875 found herself alone in the world and exposed to possible attack from a more numerous and more strongly armed neighbor nation," does not satisfy us, in view of recent disclosures from official archives of France's real intentions. Just as little does the German alarm of Russia convince us of the innocence of the German aggressionist parties.

The complete breakdown of international law, the terrible records of political depravity in high places, the new revelations of poisonous propaganda through the press, and other related war phenomena evidently shook the faith of Lord Bryce in the possibilities of a sane international order. Those who still think that the war, in spite of all, was a victory for right had better ponder over the following account of the fruits of the war. "So far from raising, it seems rather to have depressed the tone of public life and lowered the standards of private conduct. Even the solemn warning which it gave against the passions from which wars spring has not been taken. We expected that it would produce everywhere an ardent desire for peace and a resolve that the causes whence spring these calamities should be eliminated. But this has not been done. Not to speak of the angry class struggle within the nations, we see that national hatreds and rivalries and ambitions are hotter than ever and threaten to bring fresh strife upon us." Though these evils are traceable in part to the deliberate betrayal of their boasted principles by the Paris peace-makers (whose iniquity Lord Bryce denounces in the most unsparing language) they are largely attributable to the unscrupulous nationalism which the war fed and inflamed.

How this nationalism is the marked enemy of civilization appears from the two points of view taken in the other volumes already published in the valuable series issued by the Institute of Politics: "Russia's Foreign Relations During the Last Half Century," by Baron Sergius A. Korff, and Stephen Panaretoff's "Near Eastern Affairs and Conditions." The former shows us the corroding influence of the Franco-Russian alliance upon the

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confidence of Europe, and how France, refusing a merely "defensive alliance" with Russia as inadequate to the fulfilment of her designs, ultimately "forced the [full] alliance upon Russia and . . . employed financial means to exact such pressure." An excellently informed account of Russia's relations with her European and Asiatic neighbors during the past generation throws a flood of light upon the causation of the war. The simpleton doctrine that Germany alone willed and engineered the war finds no support from Baron Korff. It is, however, strange that he should shirk, as he does, the heavy responsibility which history will certainly place upon Russia for the critical act of mobilization which was the known and pre-concerted signal for the conflagration. Equally unsatisfactory is his feeble lament over the penetration of Russia by Germany, only to be averted by "a common policy among the other nations" of which he finds little hope.

Mr. Panaretoff's picture of the Near East is somewhat bewildering. That is not the author's fault, but rather that of history, and of the too easy way in which even educated people have brushed aside the Balkans as incomprehensible. This obliges Mr. Panaretoff to expend too much of his limited space in trying to make clear certain important facts of which readers better trained in world history might be supposed already to possess a competent knowledge. The devastating imcompetence of Western statecraft in handling the Turkish Empire is, however, traceable not so much to ignorance as to the selfishness and malice of the Powers, playing in with, and upon, the vain and quarrelsome nationalism of these newly liberated little states. The writer, frankly Bulgarian in his point of issue, gives an entirely convincing explanation of the motives which brought his country into the war on the German side, and his strictures upon the unprincipled policy of the peace treaty in robbing Bulgaria of her proper territory are well deserved.

The Institute of Politics performs a fine educational service in publishing this series. J. A. HOBSON

Verse

A Critical Fable. . . . A Sequel to the "Fable for Critics." . . . By A Poker of Fun, Witt D., O.S., A. 1. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.

American Poetry: 1922. A Miscellany. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Down the River. By Roscoe W. Brink. Henry Holt and Company. $1.90.

Verse. Adelaide Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Lute and Furrow. By Olive Tilford Dargan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Songs of Youth. Mary Dixon Thayer. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Garden of the West. By Louise Driscoll. The Macmillan Company. $1.

The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War. By Edmund Blunden. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

WE have so many poets now whose characters are definite and recognized that a Pope or a Byron or a Lowell has only to rise with his lampooning gun; at the first shot, if it is a hot one, birds by the dozen will flutter at his feet. The author of "A Critical Fable" has risen with the identical "rusty looking sort of a blunderbuss barrel" whose execution under Lowell delighted Holmes almost seventy-five years ago. The explosion is loud, but the execution is slight. Not only is the gun rusty and out of date; it obviously fails of being, as Holmes said it was in its prime, "crammed full and rammed down hard—powder (lots of it) — shot slugs — bullets — very little wadding." There is too much wadding here. Twenty pages must be turned before Frost is aimed at, and then a harmless discharge patters over five pages. So on to Robinson, Amy Lowell, and eighteen others. There are good lines, and current notions about our poets are neatly recorded—the "Fable" is a document—but the impression generally is of mere white paper.

"American Poetry: 1922" is the second volume in a biennial series which promises to be really important—certainly as much so as its English model, "Georgian Poetry," and perhaps more so in that it will represent the entire poetic output of its country. Here, for those who like them, are Alfred Kreymborg, James Oppenheim, and Conrad Aiken. Here is Vachel Lindsay gone to seed—and he should indeed have been shown so. Here is Sara Teasdale, still tuneful but no longer intense. Here, without any apparent reason, is Jean Starr Untermeyer. Here are poems by Robert Frost, "H. D.," and Edna St. Vincent Millay. The prize, perhaps, would have to be divided between Mr. Frost and Miss Millay; Mr. Robinson, unfortunately, had nothing on hand to enter. Mr. Frost writes wholly in character and still is fresh. Miss Millay's eight sonnets, beautiful and light and strong, will have to be considered in any anthology of the future. Miss Lowell, Mr. Sandburg, and Mr. Fletcher are not at their best, though good. Mr. Untermeyer is happy and smart, but as far from immortality as ever.

Mr. Brink's interesting poem loses as a novel by being in free verse and as free verse by being a novel. Through a series of fluent monologues, much in the imagist mode, a supposedly inarticulate country woman registers her discontent with the meaningless city whither she has married and gone. The reality of the poem suffers from the "poetry;" the poetry suffers from its mixture with a diluted and prosaic realism. All that aside, however, "Down the River" is a highly creditable experiment, and the rendering of the woman's pathetic mind is only a little short of triumphant. She is not an individual, increasingly alive like Esther Waters; but she thinks and speaks for millions of her kind. It is to be hoped that Mr. Brink will try somebody like her again.

Among American poetesses Adelaide Crapsey, whose posthumous volume of 1915 is here reprinted, will stand perhaps best for those who have achieved a frail perfection in technique but had little to say. Miss Crapsey was a lifelong student of metrics, and the conduct of her rhythms is an endless delight. She was a rare and a brave personality; she wrote about Death from a cool, fine passion; that is all. Olive Tilford Dargan, except in the title-poem of her newest volume, never comes quite up to "The Cycle's Rim," thus far her best performance. In Lute and Furrow, which is excellent, she represents herself as alternating between a desire to write poetry and a desire to work her garden. The miscellaneous pieces which follow are engaging, but the reader keeps his mind on the garden. Mrs. Dargan is a superior poet who can hardly afford to be miscellaneous. Mary Dixon Thayer, on the other hand, is too much of a piece. There is something monotonous about a hundred and forty pages of maiden blitheness; the one thin note of silver is all but lost in a certain breathiness of voice. Louise Driscoll, likewise, wants variety and strength. Her purity and sweetness make her an acceptable magazine poet; her book will wait in vain to be seriously read.

Edmund Blunden's second book from England is not the book "The Waggoner" was. One suspects that Mr. Blunden railroaded in a quantity of youthful verse and hoped his reputation would carry it. It does not. There are affectations here—loaded lines, Wordsworthian breathings, labored ruralisms. The third volume will be better if Mr. Blunden, a genuinely gifted writer, resists the temptation to become the virtuoso rather than the poet of stream and meadow and homing bird. Much is to be looked for from one who feels so carefully and writes so richly—if he only will not go in too much for richness. D. M.

Wisconsin: A Voice from the Middle Border, by Zona Gale, author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc., is the next number in the series These United States. It will appear in next week's issue of *The Nation.*

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Conquistadores

El Conquistador Español del Siglo XVI. Ensayo de Interpretació. By R. Blanco-Fombona. Madrid: Editorial Mundo Latino.

SENOR BLANCO-FOMBONA is Venezuelan by birth, European by exile and culture, internationalist in aspiration. An active life that finds him still on the sunny side of fifty has been thronged with adventure in almost every corner of the globe, leaving as record of his experiences some eight books upon history and sociology, three of criticism, five of novels and tales, as many again of verses, and two of miscellanea. He is no parlor spirit, then, but rather an apostle of thought in action. The central figure of his devotion has long been Bolívar, whose letters he has edited in three portly tomes, devoting two others to the great Liberator as painted by himself. In creative endeavor he has championed the cause of an autochthonous literature for Spanish America that parallels Bolívar's ideal of a "magna patria." His poetry, like his fiction, derives directly from his experience; they are, in a vital sense, its emotional by-product. Add to this that he directs today one of the most important publishing ventures in Europe, through which he has succeeded in giving a different complexion to all thought upon matters South American, and you have an adumbration of one of the finest spirits that has come out of contemporary Latin America.

His latest book, "The Spanish Conquistador of the Sixteenth Century," belies, or rather overflows, its title. It is not merely an addition to the tale of those raw, but valiant, explorers who opened up a new world to mankind. As much as anything else it is an essay in that mass-psychology upon which Freud himself is said to be working—an example of historic justice which is couched in language so acrimonious as seemingly not to permit of the eminently balanced results which the book obtains.

In order to understand the sixteenth-century Spaniard who conquered southern America Blanco-Fombona first undertakes a study of the nation that produced him—a study that skips back and forth through the centuries with characteristic agility, stopping here and there in various other nations for illuminative analogies and constituting, before he has finished, a most enlightening commentary upon the Spain of today. For it is Blanco-Fombona's gift to impart a touch of contemporaneousness to everything he treats. The spirit of the old conquerors pulses in his own blood, as it does, indeed, in the veins of R. B. Cunninghame Graham; something in the ebullient natures of both the Scotsman and the Venezuelan leads them to write half-nostalgically of these new-world centaurs, just as their common understanding of humanity and a common idealism prevents them from sitting in judgment over historic inevitabilities. "History," concludes Blanco-Fombona's study, "is not cultivated for the vain pleasure of condemning or exalting. It is cultivated for the purpose of profiting by its lessons and treasuring up experience, so as to learn the message that each epoch and each race leaves as legacy to Mankind."

It is an eminently honest, but not a pleasant book, nor one that flatters the Spanish nation; it is a brilliant exposition of the Iberian character by one who seems to have read everything on the subject and distilled a highly original view. It is written in vibrant, mercurial prose—the verbal image of the author, who is himself enough of a Spaniard to share some of the very vices and virtues and contradictions that he probes so deeply and so impartially. The conquistadores were the inevitable product of a highly individualistic, fanatical, arrogant, cruel race—one that knew no middle course, that was noted for administrative incapacity, ignorance, blind self-confidence. Yet from such roots as these grew a flower of heroism that cannot be paralleled in that antiquity which we know so much better than the sixteenth century in South America. To understand these men better is to understand better the world of today.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

Cophetua

The Happy Fool. By John Palmer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Sareel. By Edith Dart. Boni and Liveright. $2.

WHEN a critic leaves off his routine business of applying appreciation or derogatory adjectives and begins to tell the author how his book should have been written this critic no doubt seems to the practicing novelist to be guilty of prodigious impudence. Yet the first of the books here under consideration is in many ways so good—so lightly and so brightly written and yet touching at times so well upon deeper strings—that the present critic is going to indulge that impudence.

First of all, Mr. Palmer seems to violate the good rule that one must not escape fortuitously from the problem which constitutes one's theme. In the beginning a young Oxonian with a genius for music marries a country girl whom chance throws in his way; and thus is presented a problem: What *modus vivendi* can this unfortunate pair, matched in passion but hopelessly diverse in manners and intellectual interests, attain. Mr. Palmer anatomizes the situation brightly but with apparent determination to make no compromise with reality and then, three-fourths through the book, he cuts the knot with the unexpected death of the heroine, and the effect upon the reader is naturally almost disastrous. He sees the story which has gradually deepened in tone and interest suddenly collapse, and he very nearly loses faith in a novelist who will escape so ignominiously from his dilemma. Then in the last fifty pages the novel takes on a new lease of life; the scene and interest shift to the soul of the hero, to his effort to get a new foothold in life, his second marital failure, and his final success in turning his tragedy into music. Good as much of the first and all of the last part is, nevertheless the novel suffers from the uncertainty of its direction. If the theme is, as most of the time it seems to be, the search for a *modus vivendi,* then the theme is dodged; if it is the development through suffering of the musician's soul, then the book consists of a huge prologue with the main theme dangling as a pendant and with the reader's attention directed most of the time toward an episode.

One hesitates to accuse a practiced novelist like Mr. Palmer of having fumbled his story because it was not clear in his mind, but it looks as though something of this kind had happened; as though having started one story he saw no way out and so, concluding it quickly, started another. If something of this kind really did happen then he would have done well to cast the completed book aside and reform his material so that the story of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid should be clearly subordinated. Rules of form and all other rules governing or supposed to govern artistic creation are a dreary business, but there are some which seem to be genuinely fundamental. Mr. Palmer has either introduced the *deus ex machina* Death into his main theme or he has devoted disproportionate space to an episode; and one cannot do either without suffering for it. That "The Happy Fool" remains a very interesting novel and one which the reviewer singles out from the flood of current fiction for recommendation is simply proof that a novel can contain so many different kinds of good things that violation of "the rules" is less fatal to it than to any other literary genre.

"Sareel," a pleasant but not especially noteworthy novel, also touches upon the Cophetua theme though it assumes that there is no problem where love is strong enough. Since we have accused Mr. Palmer of having dodged his theme we naturally ask what solutions he might have found. In the days of Cophetua himself the story was supposed to end with the marriage, but the modern mind insists at least upon asking flippantly what the King did when his wife said "sir" to the groom. In contemporary comedy the problem is always solved expeditiously by means of the modern panacea, education. Between the third and fourth acts or the last two chapters the Pegs O' My Heart are transformed by the judicious application of the fifteen-

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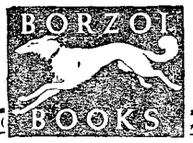

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minutes-a-day-with-the-classics method and then triumphantly exhibited as superior in *hauteur* and *savoir vivre* to dowagers. But the relation of this solution to life is open to question, especially when one considers that the differences between classes often reach deeper than textbooks on etiquette can reach. Perhaps when in actual life a solution is found it is that of Goethe who was content that his Christine should remain a loaf of black bread and sought spiritual communion elsewhere; but that solution also, at least in the eyes of those whose ideal of marriage is a spiritual partnership, is a tragedy. Perhaps there is no solution which Mr. Palmer or any one else could have found. Perhaps when it is considered realistically and not romantically the marriage of Cophetua and the Beggar Maid is one of the few sources of ineluctable tragedy: ineluctable because it is rooted not in society but in man's nature. That he can and often must love with a part of himself when he cannot love with all is a portion of the tragic predicament in which his nature has put him, resulting in an incurable division of soul and producing what Strindberg calls one of the dissonances of life which nothing can resolve. Perhaps, indeed, this is what Mr. Palmer meant to imply; but if so then it was a great mistake to resolve the discord fortuitously by death. The reader will be always asking what would have happened if the wife had lived as in the course of ordinary probability she would have done. Would then the hero have been able to resolve his pain, as here he literally does, into the chords of music, or would the constant clash of temperaments have produced not elegiac music but the discord of perpetually jangled lives? Mr. Palmer interests us skilfully in a very general problem and then puts us off with the answer to a very special case.

J. W. Krutch

The British Commonwealth

A Short History of British Expansion. By James A. Williamson. The Macmillan Company. $10.

Canadian Constitutional Studies. By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden. University of Toronto Press. $1.

The British Empire and World Peace. By the Hon. Newton W. Rowell. Toronto: Victoria College Press.

The Organization of a Britannic Partnership. By R. A. Eastwood. University of Manchester Press.

THE publication during the current year of a goodly number of books on various phases of British imperial history, a few of which are listed above, is evidence of a growing interest in England and the Dominions in the British Empire. Mr. Williamson's work is based throughout on the results of the best scholarship and is well adapted to the needs of readers of some maturity who know something of the history of England. It is equipped with useful maps and helpful critical bibliographies, but it is not put forth as a textbook and is not encumbered with the apparatus of historical pedagogy. It is as readable as it is scholarly. Nowhere else, so far as I know, will one find, within anything like the same compass, so clear, reliable, and interesting an historical account of how the British Commonwealth has come to its present state as in the last part of Mr. Williamson's book. The author confines himself throughout to the subject of British expansion, leaving the domestic history of England untouched.

No one who has tried to gain an understanding of the present constitutional relations between Great Britain and the British Dominions will fail to appreciate the importance of the virtual nullification of legal powers by constitutional usage and convention. In all working constitutional systems law is supplemented to some extent by convention, but in no others is it negatived by convention in anything like the same degree as in the Constitution of England and the British Empire. It is through the over-riding of legal powers by constitutional practice that a monarchy has been transformed into a democratic republic and an empire into a commonwealth of nations. In his brief survey of Canadian constitutional history Sir Robert Borden lays emphasis upon this over-riding of legal power by constitutional right, and in doing so contributes to a clearer appreciation of the content of that officially undefined term, "Dominion status." The sovereignty of the British Parliament throughout the Empire is legally unquestionable, but "its legal power is subject to the limitations of constitutional right," and if it should attempt to exercise any power contrary to "established or developing conventions" its authority "would not be respected, and in the end could not be enforced." So far as the Dominions are concerned its sovereignty has suffered the same fate as the king's right of veto in England: while legally existent it is constitutionally dead. That the exercise of legal power is controlled by constitutional right is not merely the personal opinion of the former premier of Canada; it is the view that has been taken officially by the Government of the Dominion. Sir Robert believes that "within the British Commonwealth of Nations Canada will find her most commanding influence, her widest usefulness, and her highest destiny," but with this opinion is coupled "a fixed and absolute conviction that the unity of the Empire can alone find its expression in complete autonomy and in equality of nationhood."

The same opinion is expressed by Newton W. Rowell, formerly a member of the Borden Cabinet and a representative of Canada in the Assembly of the League of Nations, who defines the British Commonwealth as "a group or League of free, self-governing nations and India, united under a common sovereign, bound together by ties of sympathy, of interest, and of common ideals, and preserving the strength and the unity of the whole through consultation and cooperation in all matters of common concern." Mr. Rowell's book is concerned primarily with the subject of world peace and with the contributions of the British Commonwealth and of Canada thereto. The Commonwealth, the author reminds us, stands for peace within and between its component communities, which comprise one-fourth of the world's population; in company with the United States it has led the way in the pacific settlement of international disputes; such success as the League of Nations has achieved would have been impossible without its support and cooperation; and in the experiment now being made in the government of India it is attempting to bridge the gulf, so menacing to the future peace of the world, between East and West. Nor has Canada's contribution to the cause of peace been slight. She and the United States have shown that it is possible for nations to live peaceably side by side, settling their disputes as they arise by means more civilized than the arbitrament of the sword, leaving their common frontier unfortified, and cultivating the psychology of peace. Canada, moreover, is in a position to further cooperation between the British Commonwealth and the United States, for she knows both and is able to act as interpreter and reconciler between them. "The peace of the world," Mr. Rowell is sure, "will not be advanced by the Balkanization of the British Empire. The problem of East and West would be brought no nearer to a solution should India, South Africa, and Australia own no common allegiance and no longer meet at the common council table. The burden of armaments would be enormously increased and the general safety seriously diminished."

Like Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Rowell, R. A. Eastwood, a Lecturer in Law in the University of Manchester, recognizes that equality between Great Britain and the Dominions is the only possible basis of imperial unity. During the war some attempts were made to resuscitate the expiring cause of Imperial Federation. Basil Worsfold of the Royal Colonial Institute wrote a book for that purpose; so did Lionel Curtis, of the *Round Table.* But the *Zeitgeist* was against them, and the obsequies of Imperial Federation were performed by the Imperial Conference of 1917. Mr. Eastwood galvanizes the corpse into an appearance of life and then proceeds to slay it, after which he gives us his idea as to the lines which the constitutional development of the Commonwealth should follow. There should be no break with the past, no experimenting with a new constitution, for

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ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

A Broken Epic

One of Ours. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE extravagant claims made for Miss Cather's new book cannot conceal its structural weakness. They cannot conceal the fact that this structural weakness points to an act of either artistic self-deception or conscious intellectual abdication on Miss Cather's part. This story of hers, so nobly epic in mood, so rich in life, so full of the tang of her native earth, so clear in its minor intellectual perceptions, yet shares the common fault of the quite vulgar story, novel, or play. It proposes and lets catastrophe dispose. It leads us along a road of life and at the road's end Miss Cather might have shown us either a wide prospect or a dismal swamp. Claude Wheeler might, in any one of a thousand senses, have saved or lost his soul. Instead a *deus ex machina*—it is, of course, the Great War—destroys the road and carries Claude to an alien earth and end where his fate could fulfill itself in no fashion. For that earth and end had no relation to his life and fate. We are still waiting, we shall always be waiting, for the end of his story which catastrophe cut short but could not complete.

We are not quarreling with Miss Cather's execution at any point. She has ripeness, sobriety with passion at its core, an unobtrusive love of perfection. The French scenes are almost as full of the savor of living as the Nebraskan ones; the fourth book of her narrative, The Voyage of The Anchises, is an extraordinarily rich and sustained piece of writing. The well-formed cup is full to the brim; not a drop is spilt. To re-read this account of the voyage of the pestilence-stricken troop-ship alone is, indeed, to gain a very high idea of Miss Cather as an artist. Perhaps briefer forms are more expressive of her native gift. The fact remains that the fable of "One of Ours" breaks in the middle and another tale and epic motivation intrudes.

It is a great pity. We have had the story of Lee Randon who found something warped at life's center; we have had the story of George F. Babbitt who felt that he was being dragged through existence by alien forces. Miss Cather began by beautifully and movingly telling us the story of this lad from the Nebraskan farm-lands who was troubled in essentially the same way as the Philadelphia millionaire and the Zenith "realtor." Claude Wheeler had "the conviction that there was something splendid about life, if he could but find it." He thought his German friends, the Ehrlichs, had hold of the secret; it seemed to elude him. He speaks to the chill-blooded fanatical girl on whom he wastes his youth and passion in terms that both Randon and Babbitt might have used and with them how many thousands of Americans! "I've never yet done anything that gave me any satisfaction. . . . I wonder whether my life has been happening to me or to somebody else. It doesn't seem to have much connection with me." And his friend Gladys echoes him when in her wistfulness she wonders whether life is "worth the chagrin it held for a passionate heart like hers." Yes, it is the passionate heart of America's best that is speaking out, that is crying out against the cult of things and words and empty, oppressive forms and making articulate its yearning for freedom and for beauty. And Miss Cather's full epic testimony would have had a special freshness and preciousness because she is neither essentially an aesthete like Joseph Hergesheimer nor an intellectual satirist like Sinclair Lewis, but a woman with a brooding earnestness of mind, with reverence tempering her rebellion, and with patience softening her protest. Yet her testimony is the same. Or, rather, it would have been the same, had she told us to the end the story of Claude and Enid and the story of Gladys and had let us hear old Royce speak out his mind concerning the lies which had throttled his whole life. That she has not chosen to do so is both our loss and her own.

L. L.

Georg Brandes's Voltaire

François de Voltaire. By Georg Brandes. Copenhagen: Gyldendal.

GEORG BRANDES has once more displayed that energy and talent which make him first of modern critics. In his eightieth year he says that heretofore nothing very important has been written about Voltaire and that the time is ripe for interpreting correctly one of the most remarkable Frenchmen that ever lived, a man who, in the opinion of Brandes, embraced nothing less than an entire nationality and the century in which he was born.

The book should have special interest among English-speaking peoples for the reason that the exile of Voltaire to English soil furnished him an exceptional opportunity for studying a people whose influence on his future career proved overwhelming. From the time of his arrival and the cordial reception tendered him by Lord Bolingbroke, and of his admittance to aristocratic and literary circles, and throughout the entire stay in England Voltaire went on increasing his insight into those liberalizing conditions that he desired to have made known to the French nation. "What most impressed Voltaire, who had come from a country where the gag was the scepter, the chief instrument of the art of government," Brandes writes, "was the utter absence of such a thing in England. Here every writer, from Swift downward, could attack the policy of the government with a derisive violence that in France would have put him behind the bars for life. Here no one touched a hair on his head. Most remarkable of all, he found this freedom of speech was perfectly consistent with peace and order."

In what Brandes terms the overture to his work he gives a striking picture of Voltaire's personality and compares the French satirist with a bundle of nerves that, "surcharged with electricity, took Europe captive and enlightened it." "Once on a time there lived a man who came to stand for human wit personified, and who to this day maintains that reputation as far as civilization reaches. Once upon a time there was a daemonic genius whose mind struck fire, whose heart warmed to friendship and affection, but whose intellect with all its luminosity was cold, whose art was natural, whose simple eloquence was rarely equaled and never surpassed."

A Frenchman of the French, yet Voltaire spent almost his whole life in exile. In England, Holland, Prussia, and Switzerland, or elsewhere, always he pined to return to his native country. What Brandes has to say on that score makes a book in itself.

"In this outlawed condition he nearly always wrote anonymously. . . . He was charged with being the author of a number of things that he never wrote. For his own safety's sake, besides, he disowned his writings again and again, and not a few of his essays remained unpublished for a generation. When finally they were published he seldom had anything to do with it. The sale of nearly all his works was forbidden. Some of his most valuable writings, like the 'Philosophical Letters' about England, were burned by the executioner. He labored on unceasingly, but in constant fear of being deprived his liberty. Notwithstanding all this, he was hailed, from the time he reached forty, as the intellectual chieftain of the world. The mightiest and ablest men and women of his generation paid homage to him. Among these admirers were Europe's

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most brilliant king, an empress, aristocrats and war lords, thinkers, poets, men of science."

To understand why Georg Brandes feels such a passion of interest in Voltaire one must remember that the Danish critic himself has experienced in his own generation much that has placed him in the ranks of radicals looked upon with disfavor by an ultra-orthodox society, has denied him many privileges due his genius, and yet at last has given him esteem and honor given no other Dane. It is interesting to see so great a scholar speak not only of Voltaire's political tribulations but also of his historical methods. "From his very youth he had moved among the contemporaries and in the environment of Louis XIV," Brandes says, "and he had associated with the relatives of the King, such as the Duchess of Maine, and generals like Villars and Vendome. Wherever he happened to be, in Le Temple, in Saint-Ange, in Sully, in Scenaux, in La Source he was surrounded by memories of France's great century. His parents had been in close touch with the leading men and the brightest minds of that time and in England he had met other personalities who had been participants in the Spanish War of Succession or witnesses of what took place, such as Lord Peterborough, Lord Methuen, the Duchess of Marlborough. Before Voltaire, historians were not very particular what they set down. Few cared to be exact. What they strove after was to amuse, to furnish pleasant reading. A few scholars like Rapin de Thoyras, the author of 'The History of England,' went to the fountain heads, but he was an exception. Rollin, who wrote 'The History of Roman Antiquity' and became popular, was an uncritical collector of trifles. The Jesuit Pere Daniel, who produced 'The History of France,' had placed before him in the Royal Library of Paris between 1,100 and 1,200 volumes of documents and manuscripts, spent an hour or so looking through them, and then, turning to Father Tournemine, the former teacher of Voltaire, dismissed the matter by declaring that all this material was 'useless old paper which he had no need of for the purpose of writing his history.'"

Not so Voltaire himself, Brandes points out. He read everything that up to his time had been written in the way of personal recollections, several hundred volumes. In addition he addressed himself to everyone whom he considered a source of information. He read the personal recollections of Torcy, Dangeau, and Villars. He was given access to the effects of Louvois and Colbert, and of Colbert's nephew, Desmarets de Meillebois, the Controller of Finance. More than this, when the first edition of the work was published the Duke of Noailles turned over to Voltaire Louis XIV's own papers, as a result of which he once more went over the material, making changes according to what he discovered. He made corrections in accordance with every criticism that he considered intelligent.

While in "Charles XII" Voltaire did not disguise his aversion to war and martial accomplishments, in "The Century of Louis XIV" he was more tempted to let himself become enthusiastic over victories and conquests. However, it is not warlike France that he glorifies; it is the French civilization of the seventeenth century, its intellectual development, the masterpieces in literature and art, the spreading of the French language throughout Europe that Voltaire dwells upon with such picturesque effect. It was not the desire of Voltaire to write the history of the king, but of the century. "He is Europe's first historian of civilization"

JULIUS MORITZEN

London Critics

Through the Fourth Wall. By W. A. Darlington. Brentano's. $4.
Alarums and Excursions. By James Agate. George H. Doran Company. $2.

W. A. DARLINGTON is the dramatic critic of the London *Daily Telegraph.* He wrote and his paper printed and his publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, accepted for reprinting in this enviably handsome volume the following sentence: "Everybody in the cast finds themselves given something to say that is worth saying well." Concerning second visits to the performance of a given play he declares: "Your pleasure then is not in the broad effect, but in the details which are its cause. You are no longer concerned to know whether the hero is going to discover the poison in the bottle of burgundy or not; you know that. What you are now after is to see just how the dramatist. . . ." No, Mr. Darlington is not ironical. He believes with a solemnity tempered by sprightliness that dramatists who can be mentioned in print do cause their plots to turn upon poison in the burgundy and that the marriage and later the divorce between poison and burgundy are dramatic technique. Knowing this, one is not surprised that what Mr. Darlington values in plays is a "jolly philosophy" and that the only well-known playwright he mentions is Barrie.

I shall not say that this sort of thing is impossible in New York. I can say that, at the moment, it does not exist. Even those reviewers among us whose native bend would be in the direction of jollity and technique in the sense of Mr. Darlington are too sensitively aware of all that has happened since the days of Scribe to give themselves so crudely away. Knowledge and shame restrain them and the atmosphere that artists of the theater and students of the drama have created around the American playhouse. In London, in brief, it is evidently possible to preserve an isolation and an innocence that Broadway, with all its faults, will not permit.

James Agate is a man of very different caliber. He is both informed and knowing. If the most solid passages in his book are his quotations from the admirable C. E. Montague, that may be because he himself does not very specially "go in" for solidity. He writes about actors and bruisers, dogs and horses and music-halls. He writes brightly and cultivates relish. He has read Hazlitt deeply for his matter and Chesterton observantly for his style. The result is a vivacious, agreeable, intelligent book that can be read with pleasure and forgotten without pain.

These critics are enviable. They are so much at ease in Zion; they are so sure that they are in Zion. They bear witness to that magnificent imperturbability of British life which not even Armageddon shook. For how else can they limit themselves with such ease and placidity to their little plays and prize-fights and to the delicacy with which Sarah Bernhardt read a certain line from Racine or the subtlety with which the elder Guitry's face registered a change of mood? The drama, to them, does not project out into man's universe; the playhouse does not shoulder storms and stars. They flee instinctively from Racine to Sarah Bernhardt, from Shaw to Barrie. They are collectors of Shakespearean productions; they know the "points" of an actor and of a horse. Happy men who can pass pleasant and busy days and evenings watching games so varied and vivid, who need no apparent effort to shut out from their warm and easy days war and famine, oppression and the hunger for freedom, Ibsen and Hauptmann and Shaw! They do not need to bother with the problems of Kaiser or Lenormand or with the evolution of tragedy in the speed of historic processes. They earn their livelihood on agreeable terms; they, who do not need them, have nightcaps before turning in.

Difficult Aesthetics

The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art. By Rhys Carpenter. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

AESTHETIC analysis is usually held in small esteem by both the creative artist and the connoisseur. The artist feels that the aesthetician is trying to frame formulas for the production of masterpieces; the connoisseur that he is substituting vain talk about art for the thing itself. And aesthetic theory often deserves condemnation on both counts. In the rare instances where it is fruitful, it is so because it freshens and sharpens observations, suggests new angles and perspectives of appreciation, unclouds the eye, and frequently gives eyes

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to the observer. It is precisely this which Rhys Carpenter's admirable monograph does for Greek art, enough, by itself, to justify this latest analysis of ancient beauty. The book will help those who have already seen the temples at Paestum or Girgenti, or the marbles in the British Museum, to understand what they have seen, and perhaps to see some things more clearly in this enlightened retrospect than they did on the spot. To those who still look forward to beholding Greek vases and temples and sarcophagi, this book may be recommended as an indispensable propaedeutic. Besides which, Mr. Carpenter's book goes subtly and suggestively to the general principles more or less consciously controlling Greek artistic production. And the documented enunciation of these principles does much to explain why, despite succeeding modes, Greek art remains so unequivocal a standard of beauty.

Mr. Carpenter begins by calling attention to the noticed but neglected fact that Greek art represents by very distinguished design a world almost exclusively of animate objects. Its great appeal lies precisely in the exploitation of intrinsically interesting objects in intrinsically effective designs, in the fused appeal of a humanly interesting picture in an aesthetically interesting pattern. Forms themselves have characteristic emotional effects: "A straight line looks stiff; certain curves appeal to us as graceful; wavy lines have a restless effect; and more complex lines compound more complicated phenomena of the same sort." But lines may also be representational. "Such and such a combination of lines depicts such and such an object, a fish, a frog, the Virgin Mary. . . . From the fusion of the two aspects of a line, its purely formal value with its representational quality, arises a new thing, which I call the aesthetic or artistic emotion." It is the center and aim of Mr. Carpenter's inquiry to distinguish the formal values that the Greek artist so impeccably achieved in the representation principally of human things.

The real world of objects may be represented by patterns that have a one- two- or three-dimensional emphasis. Examples of the first are Greek low-relief and Greek vases of the red-figure period which emphasize line and linear movement rather than bounded surfaces and the suggestion of depths and solid spaces. "The world of real objects is reduced to terms of linear appearances, and other spatial qualities have evaporated or disappeared. With their disappearance a subtle and barely describable change attaches to our impression of the world in which these figures move—the world of these legendary people and athletes and revelers. . . . In our impressions of them we scarcely admit that they have the weight which belongs to solid material objects, . . . we ascribe to them a life of extraordinarily heightened animation, and know somehow that the impulse of movement rules and runs through them, holding ankle and knee and hip and shoulder in one control."

There may be two-dimensional emphasis as in the black-figure Greek vases of the Attic period, where there is suggestion of the surfaces that come into the field of vision rather than an emphasis upon or an illusion of solid existence. Mr. Carpenter, too, makes out a good case for his contention that Greek architecture is primarily concerned with surfaces and planes, giving little suggestion of solidly inclosed space such as is given by Chartres or Saint Sophia. Finally, there is three-dimensional presentation illustrated by sculpture in the round, by architecture, though not in Greece, and by certain highly developed epochs in the history of painting, as in the case of Cézanne and the French impressionists.

It is impossible in a brief review to summarize the clear and compact pages in which Mr. Carpenter shows how these three forms of patterned representation were practiced in Greece. His most difficult problem is in three-dimensional presentation, and he admirably suggests the way in which sculpture makes the third dimension apparent. It translates unseen depths into some equivalent surfaces and presents an unseen solid in a visible dimension. This is accomplished in the first place through "intelligible pose"; that is, by making any viewpoint from which the statue may be observed an index of its total contour. A statue must be visible, from any angle, not simply as a surface but as a solid. It must have an omnifacial composition. Secondly, a solid statue is made to appear solid, from any angle, by means of "planes of composition." Depth is indicated by receding planes, visible in their recession, from any given point of view. Finally, the sculptor uses modeling lines, that is, lines in the visible plane whose function is to suggest lines in the invisible plane. Mr. Carpenter suggests that this is a little more subtle than it sounds. This reviewer admits rather to divining than to knowing what is meant. It is one of the many points in the book that would be made clearer by diagram and pictured illustration.

The analysis here given of Greek architecture is briefly suggestive. "Suggestive" is advisedly used, for Mr. Carpenter touches upon too many things and aspects of things to do any of them justice. The reader, especially one who, like the present reviewer, is not a specialist in classical archaeology, sighs for a more precise, detailed, and documented statement. In its cursory way, however, the chapter is highly illuminating. The striking fact, Mr. Carpenter points out, is that Greek architecture is perfect, but that its perfections are singularly unvaried. The canonic orders remained tyrannies from which no rebellious genius even wished to depart. The explanation seems to be two-fold. Just as in sculpture and in the making of household utensils the Greeks found a type-form, the "eidos" to which, in large measure, all replicas must largely conform, so also in architecture. The orders and harmonies of Greek architecture once found—and found beautiful—there was no need for, or impulse to, originality. Besides this devotion to the "eidos," the Greek architect found these orders and forms the stable objects of a real, though conventionally created, world. He used these entablatures, pediments, columns, and capitals in their fixed types, as the painter uses the animals and humans, the trees and ponds of the real world.

All this last is suggestive if not final. And there is much that is suggestive in these final pages. As, for instance, Mr. Carpenter's discussion of the almost mystical devotion to numerical ratios and the tempering of these ratios to produce less literal perfections. And the discussion, too, of the architectural values that arise in the art, quite independently of the demands of mechanism and practice. There is, indeed, so much in this little volume that is compact with instruction that one rather hopes this brochure will be expanded into a more complete volume. It is far too valuable a piece of analysis to leave in so crowded and skeletal a form.

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Drama

Hauptmann on Broadway

BROADWAY can deal with charm, humor, pathos, delicacy. At radiance and austerity it shrivels. There is nothing left but blindness and empty babble. The critics of the daily press, with one or two honorable exceptions, threw at Mr. Hopkins's production of Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd" (Longacre Theater) their stale and foolish adjectives—drab, gloomy, hard. In varying keys of hesitancy or loud assurance they sang their wonted paean to Miss Ethel Barrymore. They praised her support; they gave no evidence of any acquaintance with the play itself or with the inner and constant spirit of its author. And that author is the greatest living dramatist.

Had the slightest knowledge of either Hauptmann or of the play prevailed, one glance at the program would have told the instructed mind that this production was doomed to failure. For it was clear that the miscasting was incredible in its perversity. I am driven to the conclusion that the men of the theater are quite helpless in the theater, for the simple and sufficient reason that they exclude from their vision a knowledge of anything else.

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The humblest student of literature, a member of some despised university seminar, could have told the men of the theater that the fate of Rose Bernd was implicated with that of three men, that the character, the very inner being of these three men, was, in truth, her fate. There was Christopher Flamm, virile, a man with a touch of flame, of smothered flame, a creature from whom there came a radiance both of the body and mind; there was Arthur Streckmann, a peasant Don Juan, coarse, garish, hard, the lout and ruffian always just beneath the thin surface of ugly joviality; there was August Keil, the narrow-chested bookbinder, coward, sniveler, drawler of nasal hymns, who at the ultimate moment of Rose's fate conquers the children of the world with one of those perceptions that ally the soul forever with Jesus of Nazareth. And for the first of these three parts Mr. Hopkins selected Dudley Digges, a virtuoso of the poor-spirited, the shrinking, terrorized, sidling, devious, the unforgettable Jimmy Caesar and Henry Clegg of St. John Ervine. For the second he selected McKay Morris, the irremediably elegant, graceful, bland, and suave, the Graustark-Dunsany hero of romance whom only his inner seriousness saves from the fate of the universally kissable matinée hero. And for the third of these parts Mr. Hopkins chose a muscular young man called Charles Francis, who looked and acted as though he had just had a rather jolly time in the trenches. I need scarcely go on. The part of Father Bernd, which should have been played by Augustin Duncan with unction and stern pathos, was unmeaningly shouted by William B. Mack, who evidently knew nothing but what the equally innocent direction had told him.

Miss Ethel Barrymore was undoubtedly on quite another plane. She had pondered on the fate and character of Rose Bernd and had created of herself an interpretative medium. But all this she had done, I am afraid, not from within outward but upon terms wholly if not at all ignobly histrionic. She mimicked what seemed to her peasant dulness. It was too dull; it derived from newspaper legends of a lumpish European peasantry. She strove to make the soul of Rose gleam through that dulness. But the smile that symbolized the gleam was the smile of Lady Helen Haden, who died to the strains of music in "Déclassée." She had a beautiful and sincere moment at the end of the fourth—not, as here absurdly carpentered, the second—act. But in the last, in which this simple girl rises above her bodily suffering and extremity of woe and above her own self and beats at the very gates of God in accusation of that order of things which thrusts guilt upon man—in that act Miss Barrymore was lost. She writhed and whimpered. She did not arise and cry out with a voice that, still somehow the voice of Rose Bernd, is also the voice of mankind, questioning, accusing, rebelling, proclaiming. . . .

The same humble student in some seminar whom I mentioned before might also have told the men of the theater and the critics the fact known to the semi-educated for a quarter of a century, that Hauptmann is the great dramatist of compassion—there are books and even dissertations on the subject—and that this compassion manifesting itself first as social and later as cosmic consciousness has caused him to overthrow the entire traditional view of tragedy, substituting for the punishable guilt of man the disorder of the world and the universe. And, having some notion of that, the director might so have modulated the whole play as to bring out in every word and gesture and look its terrible and bitter and magnificent questions: Why must such things be? How do they come to pass? Where, repudiating the old and futile notions of guilt and punishment, shall we find a new and more rational way of making such a universe divine?

I know the admirable intentions of Miss Barrymore, of Mr. Hopkins, of the other players; I know that the critics of whom I have spoken are sincere, earnest, concerned for the theater. The blight is ignorance, solid and profound, and I see no cure for this ignorance until it is stripped of an accompanying knowingness which will take no instruction and makes Broadway shrivel in the face of radiance and austerity and the power of thought.

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Contributors to This Issue

JOHN COTTON DANA is the librarian of the Newark Free Public Library and director of the Newark Museum Association.

WITTER BYNNER is a poet who has frequently contributed to *The Nation*. He has just returned from a journey to China.

PASCAL D'ANGELO is the young Italian workman poet to whom attention was first called in *The Nation* last January.

WILLIAM E. DODD is professor of American history at the University of Chicago and author of "Woodrow Wilson and His Work."

J. A. HOBSON is the well-known English liberal writer on economic problems and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER is associate professor of history at Columbia University.

CARROLL BINDER was a Federated Press correspondent in Herrin at the time of the grand jury hearings.

S. GRISWOLD MORLEY is associate professor of Spanish at the University of California.

LEWIS S. GANNETT is one of the associate editors of *The Nation*.

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